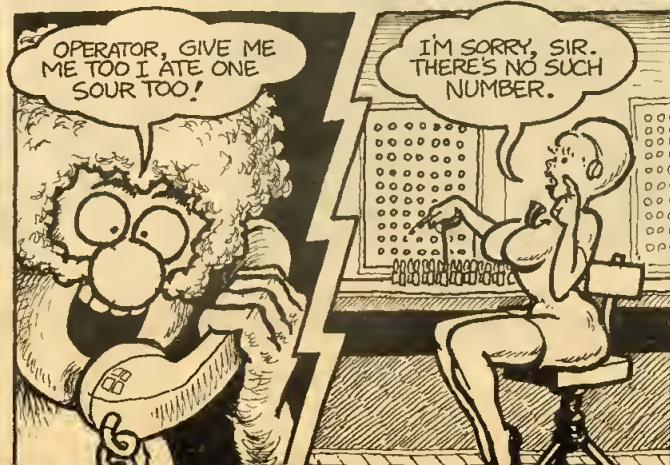
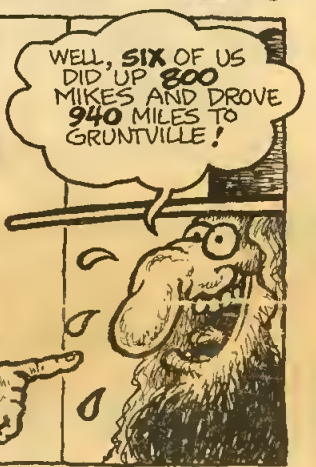
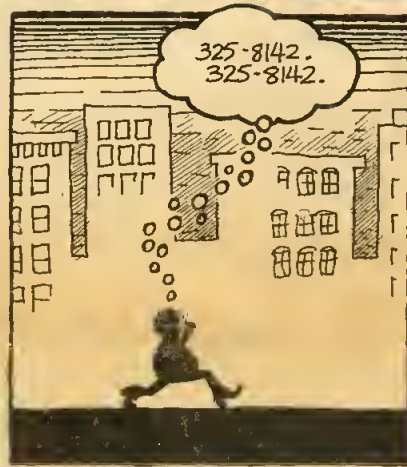


West Village MEER

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 7 METROPOLITAN 15¢ NATIONAL 35¢ JANUARY 28, 1970

THOSE FABULOUS FURRY DEEK BROTHERS



CONSPIRACY?

* THE AMERICAN LEGION LAUNCHED A NATIONAL FUND RAISING CAMPAIGN FOR
LT. CALLEY OF MILAY FAME. NOTHING NEW, JUST ANOTHER MANIFESTATION
OF THEIR OOZING PATRIOTISM. AMERIKA THE BEAUTIFUL, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
* AT THE CHE TRIAL IN NEW YORK, DAVID MERRICK, THAT NOBLE AND RIGHTIOUS
SETTER OF STANDARDS OF LANGUAGE, MORALS AND NUDITY, HAS FINALLY SPOKEN
HIS PIECE. ITS SEEMS THAT TO HIM INSPECTOR PINE IS STILL THE RIGHTIOUS
DEFENDER OF DECENCY WHILE LENNOX RAPHAEL REMAINS THE SAME OLD COMMIE-
FAG-RAT-FINK-SONOFABITCH-NIGGER-BASTARD-MOTHERFUCKER CORRUPTING OUR CHILDREN'S
MORALS. NOTHING NEW ABOUT THAT. COULDN'T IMAGINE THEM DIGGING EACH OTHER.
* EVEN THOUGH THE BAIL MONEY WAS PRODUCED (ALL \$100,000 OF IT), JUDGE
MILTON POLLACK STILL WON'T LET SAM MELLVILLE OUT OF JAIL.
BEARING ALL THE BULLSHIT ABOUT OUR JUST AND NOBLE LAWS IN MIND, A
RECOLLECTION OF POLLACK'S PRIVATE BAIL STATUTE DOES NOT OCCUR. BUT THEN
CAPRICIOUS MALFEASANCE OF JUSTICE IS REALLY NOT A NOVELTY IN AMERIKA.
A MOTHER IN PHILADELPHIA USED A BLOWTORCH TO SEE WHICH ONE OF HER FOUR
SMALL CHILDREN TOOK A NICKEL FROM HER POCKET. HER ALIBI " I JUST HATE
A LIAR AND A THIEF".
SO DOES AMERIKA ---GOOD LUCK !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
MIKE BRODY IS DOING HIS THING WHILE AMERIKA GOES APESHIT. STILL NOTHING
EARTH SHAKING ABOUT IT BUT MY GOD BRODY, WHY THE HELL ARE YOU SO GODDAMN
A M E R I K K K K K K K K K A N ABOUT IT????????????????????????????????

COME TO THINK OF IT, NOT BAD FOR A LITTLE OLD JOOBOY, NO MATTER WHO HE THINKS HE IS.

PS -THE MARSHALLS ARE PISSED OF AND PLAN TO FILE A COMPLAINT AGAINST OVERWORK.



YAKOV KOHN
JOEL FABRIKANT
MELAN KAIZMAN
ARTHUR FLEDMAN
EICKA DE MOIR
D.A. FAIMER
DAVID WALTEN
IRVING SHI SHENCK
CELESTY DREHLIN
ALLEN GROSS
HELV FELSCH
DON KAIZMAN
THE PUARD
MANUE RODRIGUEZ-SPAIN
AL SHINKER
KIM DILLI
DILLY
R CRIME
STEPHEN KOHN
ARTHUR
RAMANUE REINSTEIN
CANDY S. CORNFLOWER
DON LEWIS
TIMOTHY TIARY
REINSTEIN
BARONE GIANFRANCO MANTIGNA
RAY SULLIVAN
JOSEPH STEVANS
PARIS J. THUR
AMERICAN SIMON VINSKY SCOW
NORTH THE KID
LONDON MILLS

got yer shit together...

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See book 21



HHHAAPPPPPYYYYY BB!!!RRRTTTHHDDAAAYYY JJ!LLLLL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Outside of New York City, most of the world's rapid transit systems are basically uniform in operation, meaning they are relatively clean and competent, never quite matching up to that special New York atmosphere we cherish so much. Go to Toronto: are the stations fit for sewage or people? Go to Boston: do the trains average more than 10 miles an hour? Go to Paris, Montreal, London, Moscow, Hamburg, Budapest, Tokyo, Chicago, Buenos Aires, Barcelona, Leningrad, Stockholm: is there anything in these cities, or anywhere else on the habitable globe, that even remotely compares with the 14th Street Canarsie line? Forget it, Mac, you saw it at Disneyland.

I bring this up because the City with state and local authorities now expects us to pay 30 cents a fare to ride on the fucking joke. Thirty cents to jam yourself into a sweltering IRT train at rush hour, thirty cents to wait 45 minutes for a BMT train, thirty cents to ride on a system that was old in 1930, and rapidly decaying since. And they have the nerve, the goddamned gall, to tell us we have it good in comparison with other cities. Bullshit! In Chicago, you pay 45 cents, but you get a transfer to the bus, and the trains are faster, not to mention cleaner. The lines in Boston and Philadelphia offer quicker more substantial service for the same amount of bread, and there is absolutely no comparison with the systems in Toronto, Montreal, Fort Worth or those out of the continent, or those just being built in Washington, D.C. or San Francisco. No comparison at all, mates.

The biggest lie is that "things will be better next year." Make no mistake about it, there will be no improvement. None whatsoever. Buy some new rolling stock? You've seen the new rolling stock. They have bright neon letters in the front and that's supposed to con you into thinking you're getting a streamlined ride. So much bullshit. These trains get filthy just as quickly as the old ones, they're just as unsmooth, and they go just as slowly. And I wager they won't last as long as the old ones, either. Build a new line? Sure. That's nice, but I formally predict that after the Second Avenue subway is completed, things will be just as crowded and disgusting as before.

Which has to do with style. The question at the bottom of all this is style. New York will never have a Metro with perfumed tunnels and art work in the stations and trains with rubber tires, like all these wonderful systems opening up every day in places like Mexico City and Brussels. Honestly, the existing work is just too old. It has a basic underlying crud that will surface no matter how you repair it. As part of the "reorganization," in 1968, a brand new station was opened at 57th Street. Sure, it's cleaner, but it's the same old New York Subway Station, Model 4, and the deterioration is already apparent. A whole new line of these stations will make no difference; the system is just too big and ponderous. As soon as you decorate one, there'll be another up the road that needs it to. By the time you do half of them, one quarter of them will be filthy again. A whole new second avenue line will make no difference: It will be built to connect with the rest of the system, and you can guess what it will look like, shit.

The first attempt at a subway in New York came in the 1860's, roughly the same time as London. A scientist named Alfred Beach constructed a small pneumatic tube experiment on Broadway near Canal Street. Folks got a bang out of it, but it wasn't taken seriously by city planners. It wasn't until 1904 that an operative line was opened, and this after years of elevated construction, of great 'el systems with steam drawn trains. As the 'els were torn down, one by one, new subways were

built—and by 1930, the present mess had its shape, all told.

You know what it's all about. There is something almost primeval about the subway in this town; deep, holy mysteries in the tunnels, ghost stations, hidden civilizations—at least of albino rats. The Myrtle Avenue El. The latest improvement to the system was the destruction of the Myrtle Avenue El. I discovered the road one morning while trying to ride the BMT Canarsie line to its natural conclusion as part of a field report. Gagged and staggered, I sneezed and choked, my eyes watered and my head pounded. By the Myrtle Wyckoff station I could stand it no more, and I lept from the train as soon as I stopped, and bolted up the stairs and escalators almost in a blind panic.

I found myself on the Myrtle Avenue El, a structure that seemed to shake a little in the wind, but what difference did it make? At least there was some semblance of fresh air up there, and you could see the sun. But then the train pulled in, the cars were shaped like cabooses from the old wild west movies, and they moved a hell of a lot slower coming in. The

sides of this incredible train were made of wood. The inside was surprising also. The doors were single-panel, as opposed to the double-panel doors on most other trains in New York. The seats were of the wicker variety of many years ago.

Most of the seats were perpendicular to the windows, and facing each other—obviously these trains were built before some anti-social joker devised the method of running one long seat down the car, parallel to the wall. The train heaved and shook, then began chugging its slow way down the track. I rode to the last stop at Metropolitan Avenue, which seemed to be in the middle of an abandoned freight yard somewhere, then I took it back to the opposite terminus at Bridge Street in Brooklyn. It was a train so archaic it should have been sent to the Bradford Trolley museum years ago, a train so dirty, so grimy, so thoroughly antithetical to all standards of human comfort and dignity that I could well understand why the Transit Authority kept it hidden out there in Brooklyn and didn't run it on any of the more heavily used roads such as the IRT World's Fair Line.

Last October, service was stopped on the line. Total insanity. What a tourist attraction it would have made, or the cars could have been used for a "Scenic Rockaway Tour," or some such thing. Bar cars to Aqueduct, fun for all, three dollars a token. Money in the bank. You know damned well it would remind people of how bad things really are on the subways. It would remind them that a car built in 1906 running on 'El tracks constructed in 1880 would not be such gross exaggeration of the true state of the rest of the system, no sir. And you'll never get people to pay extra bread for a fun ride when it costs so bleeding much just to get to work in the morning.

So what do we do? Reduce the fare! Remove the turnstiles, ride for nothing! You don't think the subway can be subsidized? Look at the Long Island Railroad, you see what they've gotten. Look at the Newark subway, a toy being played with by funds from the federal government. This line is incredible. It consists of an underground trolley car that hops along for five or six miles, surfaces, then turns back again. You get it at the Pennsylvania Railroad station, right downstairs from the Tribes. Twenty five cents a throw. Nohindy

THE SUBWAYS BELONG TO THE FREAKS

roy schultz

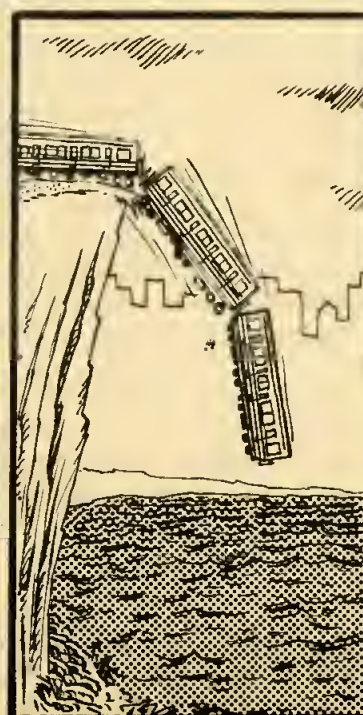
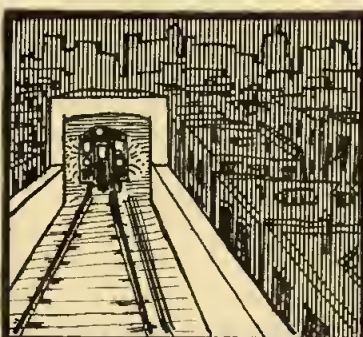
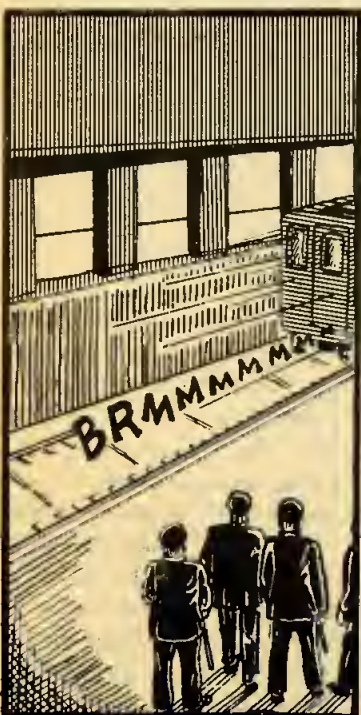
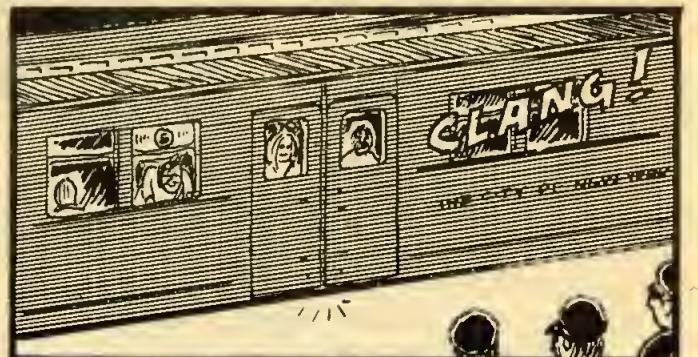
rides this train but a few workers, a few freaks from New York. Business was so bad last year, they had plans to close it down and never run it again. Far be it from Washington to neglect such an enterprise. They threw in a heavy cash subsidy that pays for operation, and maintains the fare at a quarter. This grant expires next June, and then, a city official told me, "You can buy the thing for a song." Sure enough! The government wastes cash on such a thing but won't relieve the millions who suffer in New York. Fuck them, I say!

Fuck them and beat the fare! Travel in pairs, get two people through the turnstyle for the price of one. Travel in groups of five or six, walk politely through the exit gates. When leaving a station, hold the gates open for someone who wishes entry. Jam the turnstiles with bubblegum. Stall the trains, pull the emergency brakes, smoke in the subway! You pay thirty cents, you have the right to smoke. If you're rich, hoard tokens and melt them down. This is revolution! Throw yourself in front of trains, hold conductors as hostages. Pick your nose on the windows, carve obscenities on the seats, they'll lower the fare, baby. They'll lower the fare or they won't have a subway. Right on!

SUBWAY REVOLT!



THE SUBWAY FARE HAS BEEN JACKED-UP BY 50%
AND A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE AWFULLY MAD...!



Poppy (RCA Victor) recently released a fantastic double-LP of *Lightning Hopkins*, given an intensely psychedelic cover and the word "Lightnin'" emblazoned on it with a lousy Milton Glaser-imitation of Mr. Hopkins himself surrounded by the auraborealis or maybe an electric light bulb short-out. **INSIDE HOWEVER IS LIGHTNING HOPKINS**, 2 records of him just playing as he was always meant to play and he knows it. I don't know why Poppy bothered with the cover; people ain't gonna buy that LP if they don't like Lightning Hopkins; not one little fave-rave Hair-Do magazine teendoll is gonna be fooled. **INSIDE HOWEVER IS LIGHTNING HOPKINS**, 2 records worth, playing superior stuff.

1. The cover is a Milton Glaser design, or at least his studio. So it's an authentic lousy pointless cover.

2. The inside records are full of nothing more or less than Lightning Hopkins playing his guitar.

3. Francis Clay is on the drums.

Lightning plays a lot of songs, and including "Baby Please Don't Go" "What'd I Say" "Mojo Hand" and many others; various interpretations of these classics have been heard. This is where they come from—not Lightning Hopkins own head, but his understanding of what music is. "What'd I Say" is done in a slow, bone-spare rocking chair beat, the guitar lazily picking out the melody, creating all those chords anyone has ever used, remember 1959 when Ray Charles did it...? Well, here it is, the original skeleton of one of the great rock and roll/r/b blasts, covered subtly and definitely by a single guitar, and those bare notes, those lovely straight rock progressions, those famous opening notes, take you away to a place where the whole show is on the road, too. This is just a fond affectionate understanding revelation of a favorite song, insane delta blues thrown in, almost carelessly—or really, easily—as only someone who knows he has much more to offer can throw away. Here on this record set is a short introduction to rock and roll, down the road of country blues and indicating where r/b became soul (out of gospel and by pop) to become rock and roll to become rock to become our music. "Baby Please Don't Go" is so fine, mmm, smoother than Big Bill Broonzy's own version; "My Starter Won't Start This Morning" ("My motor won't even turn") just a perfect blues.

This album satisfies as so many do not. It has style, wit, superb musicianship, songs which you can hum, learn to play, remember and feel about, Lightning Hopkins, and really nice production... the little intros when Lightnin simply says whatever he is saying, maybe something about the song, maybe a hey, let's get it going; it feels as though he is on the other side of the little room, maybe a bear in front of him, maybe some whiskey, and you are there, too. This is a record of human sensibility, a master of blues guitar given an opportunity to play well, with all the intangibles of a "play well" by musician standards. And he does it, and Poppy has a double-LP to prove it.

Every famous walking guitar riff you ever remember is here, restated baldly, clearly, classically so you can hear it, see it, know it. "Mojo Hand" is done twice; once without any accompaniment because... have you ever heard a guitar hum to itself, keep syncopated rhythm, let its breath out and also swing?... that's why. "Black and Evil" conjures up the one-eared greens of Van Gogh's pool room, smelly, frightening and human... Close your eyes, you can see him slide down the guitar... The rest of the album is there too. MM hmmm.

BB King has also released an album, on BluesWay, *Completely Well*, and for once, no lie: this is a record! and BB actually sounds as he does in high-gear concert. You don't have to imagine, for once, the excitement and polish of his concerts, the beautiful ability to make Lucille twang and wail at the same time. I don't want to review this record right now, I haven't listened to it nearly enough. But somebody's gotta point out that this album is out, that it does BB justice, and that anyone confusing BB with Albert should have something examined—whatever he listens with, I guess. The flashes here are of pure talent, not flash, the voice so tenor-pure, you can feel that pinky twinkling heavy gold on his hip, you can feel the sweat bead and shine off his forehead as he picks his way through "Confessin' The Blues" you can now hear BB King, completely and well, on an album.

How many times will people say they are grateful for The Dead...? As long as they'll play for us, probably. *The Grateful Dead* came to New York and The Fillmore seemed like the Peaceable Kingdom for a while (not Ruthann Friedman's, I don't care what her hype says or even if The Dead feel that way, should they happen to feel that way). This is a fan letter: *Hi, Grateful Dead. I love you I love me, Thou art God and we can both grok that. See you later.*

The rest of the Fillmore show was Cold Blood and Lighthouse. Unfortunately I missed them. Cold Blood's album, if that is any standard, does not make me sorry I missed them. The album is on Atlantic/Fillmore label, San Francisco (just for the record... ouch). Lighthouse I haven't heard since those great ads, "Hi! I'm Jeni Dean and I'm a super-groupie and I want to tell you about a new group..." etc. Cold Blood sounds like it might be Blood Sweat and Tears (echh) until the lead singer Lydia Pense begins to wail like Janis Joplin, and she is quite good, on LP. If she projects in person, there might be something. (Isn't this a nice conclusive commentary?) The brass is absurd, however, making the sound veer between Glenn Miller pachanga and 3rd-class, lower case soul revue nite.

Confessions: I did not go to the flicks this week, I have not seen a movie in the past few weeks; I have

(Continued on Page 21)

So we were panhandling our way down Second Avenue from Smack City to Mr. Snoofy's, trying to catch the leftovers in the wake of the Hare Krishna freaks, when instead of a dime somebody handed us a coffee stained copy of last weekend's New York Post. Immediately a scuffle ensued. Latimer tried to rip it away from Claudia, who was snickering over Eugenia Shepard—"Did you know Count Serge Dblensky orders all his clothes from Donald Brooks?"

"Fuck them faggots," snapped Dean. "I wanna catch Lindsay Van Gelder. Hubba hubba. Woo Woo."

"You know what Dr. Rose Franzblau would say about your reaction to Lindsay Van Gelder?" ventured Dr. Sidney Weinheimer, PhD, scratching his Freudian beard. "She'd say you're compensating obviously for your Mother's ti—"

"AWK!" interrupted Claudia. "Look, another *Alter Kocker*—there's a cult of them, they can't raise an erection any more so they write these things!" The thing in question lay on page twenty-four under the headline, "UNDERGROUND PRESS: An Over-Thirty View". Knocking over three junkies in our haste, we dove into Mr. Snoofy's for a hot cuppa java. Adjusting his napkin into the neck of his sweatshirt, Latimer then read aloud, with great animation:

"Dr. John R. Everett brings eminently respectable credentials to the following survey of a decidedly nonrespectable subject: the underground press. Dr. Everett became president of the New School in 1946 (his article is condensed from the New School Bulletin). The author of two books on religion, he has studied the free-wheeling underground journals with aplomb as they shift their emphasis from politics to sex."

"Aplomb?" frowned Claudia.

"A plom?" asked a chorus of colourful speed freaks, gaping over Latimer's shoulder.

"Sorry," said the waitress. "No plombs today. Somebody got grease all over the burner, an' they got all..."

"Yeah, look at that picture if you want to know from aplomb," suggested Sid. The photo depicted a handsome young gentleman with wide tweed lapels, bow tie, and Briliantined hair. "This guy was president of the New School in 1946, and he's still using photos from when he was an assistant prof there."

"Ay-fucking-plomb" swooned Latimer. "Sitting at his desk contemplating a bust of Plato with his hand resting on a grinning plomb..." And slapping a junkie away from his cuppa, he read on:

"FOR THOSE OVER 30 who have not been near young people under thirty during the past five years a romp through the approximately one hundred underground papers can be a down trip of great weight. They might wonder about the wisdom learned at their mother's knee."

(Author's Note: The rest of Everett's soliloquy is far too tedious to reproduce verbatim in this space. As a matter of fact, we would be only too happy to put an end on it right here, but that would deprive our readers of some good laughs and belly yoks. For the record, he accuses us, the writers in the Underground

Press, of constricted vision, poor logic, semi-literacy, and the abuse of the sex organs which God gave us to use in the proper Christian manner or not at all. Also that we're only in it for the money. To accomplish this, he strove to lampoon what he apparently considers the Under-Thirty point of view on subjects like The Press, The Establishment, Sex, and The Church. Never before has the generation gape yawned so widely—if you read a halfway sensible quote here, like the one immediately following, it's his lampoon.)

"The fact that those Americans who live in the expanding middle class," continued Latimer, "do not feel repressed and indeed count themselves to be some of the most fortunate of the earth is of importance only as an indication of the strength and cleverness of the brainwashing and restraining sub-systems. These writers know the real truth—that all but the evil manipulators and top beneficiaries of the system are repressed and unfree."

"The real truth? Is there any other kind?"

A clump of what had previously seemed mere wastepaper stirred atop the next table, a mouth appeared out of it, and it spake toothlessly, "Maybe it's the false truth. There are no truths outside the gates of Eden."

Pushing it onto the floor with a stick, Latimer carried on:

"It is clear that the underground press thinks Americans are living in a society that is completely manipulated by a power elite for its own benefit. It seems also clear that it thinks that the levers and pulleys which are used to do the manipulating are essentially the inherited value structures of the great white middle class."

"Wow," sang the All-City Speed Freak Chorus, black and white and blonde like the Mod Squad: "Heavy shit! Far out! Sock it to us! Tell it like it is! Pro-found!! Crazy, man! Hot diggity!"

But the very next paragraph went: "The basic institution that was, and still is in some areas, used for subterranean manipulation is the church. And by church they really mean all of the organizational forms that have grown from the root of the Judeo-Christian ethic."

"What a down!" everybody wailed. "The church!! Gikhl!" The waitress hurriedly crossed herself and everybody ordered another greasy raised doughnut. As they were served, Vincent Titus grimly intoned Grace.

"Any Freudian analyst should have been able to predict that sooner or later the promoters of the underground press would recognize that the real profits in the sheets is in the sexual rather than the political content."

"Freud?" asked Sid, brightening. "Any Freudian analyst would tell this creep to get help quick. The thing is, he wouldn't be expelling his venom against the Underground Press unless he really loved it. It's your typical Reaction Formation, as explained by Anna Freud in *The Ego And—*"

Latimer quickly concluded the essay: "It also seems reasonable to

assume that the underground press presents no serious challenge to the stability of the republic."

After the laughing had to stop, Claudia was still seething. "He says we don't write well? Both the writing and the factual content fluctuate between low and zero", do they? In a pique, she hurled her doughnut against the wall like a frisbee, chipping the formica. "Maybe we don't read big name literary folk like Max Lerner and Jack Anderson, but I never wrote anything like this:

"The great middle class has been told that they are free and like robot sheep they move from day to day mouthing the slogans that say they are performing actions which their brainwashed minds say are free choices." I mean shit, robot sheep?"

Dean: "Yeah, I saw one on Modern Farmer the other morning... But dig this for fact, if you wanna know from fact: "When the underground press reports any police action against students or the various kinds of hippies, yuppies, crazies, street people or whatever the current name, they report it entirely in terms of good guys and bad guys. No Western movie ever had as rigid and inflexible a formula for describing action. The police are always the bad guys and never the good guys." Claudia and Dean grinned at each other like hardened battle veterans. "Sure and when the Crazies came up here looking for your head on a pike just because you said George Demmerle was a pig, and by George he was, I'm sure they had that in mind."

"Yes," she nodded, "and when one of them beat you up last year, he was just following the formula."

Dr. Sidney Weinheimer, PhD, chased a junkie out of his attache case. "But he gave us a plug when he said that 'It was probably the East Village Other that first began the underground press attack on traditional sex morality.' Ddd though that he should so quickly associate the Church with sexuality, you know. I wonder if his Father—"

"One thing seems certain" though, Claudia perked, "the politics side of the underground press is not likely to split off from sex as the pornography side did from politics. Sex will sell very well by itself while pretentious factless political theorizing will not."

Here a deliciously vindictive expression swept across her buxom face as she hissed, "So how, Jimmy boy, did you get this illiterate tissue of horseshit in the Post? Who'd you have to fuck?"

"Claudia!" Sid reproved. "Your hostilities are showing." But it was too late. Already she was scribbling, on EVD stationery, "Dear Dr. Everett: Some horse's ass has been going around publishing the most revolting bullshit under your name. As you know, the last man to whom this happened was Eugene Lyons, publisher of the Reader's Digest. Fine man, Mr. Lyons, until his teenage boy took a knife to him. Do you have a son around, Mr. Everett?"

"Far out!" chimed the All-City Track Team Chorus as we triumphantly paraded out of Mr. Snoofy's like white-suited British colonists through the bazaar in Banares. Back to another hard day at the EVO city desk.

LETTERS

Ride Easy Forever

Dear EVO—With all the Weathermen and Panther rhetoric, and murders and brutality by the pigs, it seems that people are forgetting how effective and risk-free certain tactics of passive resistance can be. The system is so fucked up in its own red tape, greed and corruption that it can be used against itself. They have the guns—but we have the heads.

Two weapons are indispensable for us: thorough knowledge of local unemployment insurance laws, and thorough knowledge of how to use form 1040 (the long form for Federal Income Tax returns) to our advantage. In New York State one is eligible for unemployment payments of one half their weekly salary (before taxes) up to \$65 if they have been working for 20 weeks during the past year. In order to keep collecting, you must make an active search for a new job, and keep a record of employers you have contacted. I have found that in spite of my education and many years of experience in my "professional" job, no employers (I have been to a few dozen in the past few months) wish to hire me. Apparently they don't like the way I wear my hair. That's just fine; if they can afford to be bigots, they also can afford to pay me \$65 a week unemployment. (The tax for unemployment insurance is paid by employers only).

Unemployment insurance can be collected for 26 weeks a year, or 50% of your time. When week 25 rolls around, my hair gets cut, shoes shined, and I get a job. If after 20 weeks of hair growth my new boss disapproves of my appearance and fires me, groovy; I again file for unemployment. A 26-week-a-year vacation is a gas, plenty of time for tripping, balling, music and fighting the Revolution. If 100,000 of us (1/3 of the number at Woodstock) do this gig, that amounts to around *three million dollars a year* in unemployment payments. Watch for heavy changes in corporate hiring policies! Needless to say, it's also a gas not paying any taxes (and thereby not supporting the war) while unemployed. Unemployment insurance benefits cannot be taxed.

If you read all the fine print in the instruction book for form 1040, you will discover many things are income deductible for tax purposes that you never dreamed of on your farthest mind excursions. Now that you only work 26 weeks out of 52, and your income of for your 26 unemployed weeks is tax free, your *taxable* income is very low to start with. By carefully working out your tax return to include all deductibles (withheld state & city taxes, doctor and dentist bills, gasoline taxes, college expenses, union bills, cost of drugs, etc.) you wind up paying very little tax or none at all.

Right On!

Stephen Decatur

Ed—Far out!

No More
Easy Riding

Dear EVO—Hey! Ray Schultz! You sure are a lifesaver. Your article on "non-payment of taxes" was really great. Tips you gave in your column were superswell. Count me in as steady EVD reader. Without the aforementioned help from your paper I would never figure out how to slip out of not paying the other 56% of my federal tax either. Tanks!

YAY! No more welfare, prison rehabilitation, social security, state supported colleges, poverty swindles and other freaky programs of Spiro Agnew's federal gov'n't, which involves my tax money. Schmucks!!

L. Steinberg

Ed—As Shultz would say, we fail to see the humor in this situation.

Aquarian Doom

Dear EVO—This is to advise your people that if you care to live, evacuate New York and move to Midwest, by Jan. 22, 1970, at the latest. You can print it—no one straight will listen. There is an astrological aspect occurring at that time that will usher the Aquarian Age in the most violent catastrophe. It's not for us any more to question Fate. D.K.?

Beau

Ed—What? Leave New York, and pass up the last chance to make it in show biz?

Bill Graham:
Good or Bad?

Dear EVO—Living in New York for only the past three years, there are some facts which I do not believe I am aware of, and hope you can clarify for me. In countless articles in your paper, the significance of rock music as an important factor in our culture has been emphasized. In the January 14 issue, you say it was "the most significant cultural and revolutionary force of the decade". Why then, does Latimer's column, in the same issue, display such great animosity towards Bill Graham, who I feel is perhaps solely responsible for bringing Rock to its present level.

As I said before, I have only been in this metropolis for three years, but in that time have been exploited by all the profiteers in the industry from Madison Square Garden to a Blind Faith, and keep returning to the Fillmore. You've said it yourself that it's the only place where the promoters care about the quality, and Tuesday nights bear the facts out, so please tell me why there is this obvious hatred of Bill Graham by the community and yourselves so I can pay my \$3.50 with a clear conscience.

Jewboy From Queens

Ed—Latimer is an atonal misanthrope who enjoys only Gilbert & Sullivan music, and that only because G & S hated each other and it comes through in the noise. As for Bill Graham, EVO mainly hates him because he's our landlord and this place has been freezing since October.

Dear EVO

On November 20, 1969 the Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Board initiated action to place the Shelter Half Coffeehouse off limits to military personnel. The Shelter Half, which is staffed jointly by civilians and GIs from Fort Lewis and has been operating for over a year, is a meeting place for dissident GIs and GI organizations.

The Board has taken this action after "receiving information which indicated that the Shelter Half Coffeehouse is a source of dissident counseling and literature and other activities inimical to good morale, order and discipline within the Armed Services." It has ordered the Shelter Half staff to appear before it on January 22 for a pro-forma

Shelter Half off limits to:

- (1) Hon. Stanley R. Resor
Secretary of the Army
Dept. of the Army
Washington, DC
- and by sending copies to:
- (2) Lt. General Stanley Larson
Commanding General 6th US Army
Presidio San Francisco, Calif 94129
- (3) Willard Pearson
U.S. Army Training Center
Fort Lewis, Wash. 98433
- (4) Shelter Half Coffeehouse
5437 S. Tacoma Way
Tacoma, Wash. 98409

And by sending checks payable to the Shelter Half Coffeehouse or the Attorney General's Favorite Defense Committee.

Defend the Shelter Half.

Support our Soldiers.

Shelter Half Coffeehouse
5437 South Tacoma Way
Tacoma, Wash. 98409
(206) GR 5 9676
Attorney General's Favorite Defense Committee
c/o Forbush 503 w 122 St. No. 16
New York, NY 10027 (212) 6665613



Gross Balls

Dear EVO—Alex Gross writes about "The Emperor's New Balls". Somebody should write about Alex Gross' balls. Who ever heard of Art Criticism that is as gutsy, brave and positive as is Gross' piece in EVO on the Museum of Modern Art's new exhibition? Sincerely Yours, Gregory Battcock
Ed—But since the failure of *The New York Review of Sex And Politics*, pray, who would *publish* a piece on Alex Gross' balls? Cybertype, maybe?

Commie Sheet?

Dear EVO (hah!)—I have read many anti-Establishment articles, papers, and magazines but your paper is by far the worst. It appears to be written by communists; (what many of my friends still are unfortunately) it is very much like the Russian papers I read while visiting in Moscow.

EVDnomics

Dear EVO—Every time I read your paper the same question comes to my mind—is the bread I put out for this paper going toward a good cause, or into the pockets of the staff? So what I'd like to know is—where does the money go, after expenses? Is anything contributed to the movement? Especially the Chicago Conspiracy Trial and the Panther 21 Trial? Please answer this in your paper, for it might be of interest to other readers as well.

I respect your integrity and am looking forward to a quick reply in your paper.

Peace, G. Bell

Ed—When this paper makes a profit at all, which is infrequent, most of that goes to the hard-bitten red-blooded Americans who through their manly efforts make all this possible—the distributors. Most people here have trouble avoiding eviction.

"Down with the capitalists, up with the Socialists!" They don't care how the gov'n't gets the money cause every gov'n't gets taxes; what they are really saying is "down with Democracy and up with Communism". You talk of non-payment of war taxes like you have a choice but you really don't and you would quickly find that out if you lived behind the wall. You can print this in America but if you tried it in Russia and her colonies which is what the "satellites" really are you would either be imprisoned and executed or you would have to quickly leave the country and escape to the West. That is the reason we left Bohemia. We only went back to Russia to get my sister from the security prison of the M.V.O. This happened last July. She has only just arrived. We support the war in Viet-Nam because we know what it is like to live under communism.

Unsigned

Ed—Ah, but do you know what it's like to live in Costa Rica and work for United Fruit? Know what it's like to die in Brazil at the hands of bounty hunters for Nelson Rockefeller? How about that? America has colonies all the way down to the South Pole.



JOSEPH STEVENS from BRAND X

DON'T FLUSH FOR EVERYTHING Abe Peck

By now most everyone has an idea of the repression that's going on in America.

Fascism
Bummer
Genocide.
Horror show.

We encounter it when we go to traffic court and hear the clerk whisper about our hair. We get an idea of what it's about when we're stopped and frisked on the street. We flash on it applying for a passport or falling in on a straight cousin's wedding or putting on a costume when things get tough and it becomes time to look for a straight job.

Some people come a bit closer to the heart of the matter. They get a chance at ten years in the penitentiary for trying to stop the war and Abandon The Creeping Meatball. They get to spend ten AM to five PM on the twenty-third floor of the Federal Building, inside what Abbie Hoffman calls "the neon oven." And they get to suffer before Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman.

Judge Hoffman. During the three-and-one-half months of the trial, he has earned a few other names:

The Yippies called this cartoon of a man "Magoo" at the beginning of the trial, because he looked so weird and talked as if his larynx was made of sandpaper.

The Panthers called him "Adolph Hitler Hoffman" when he bound and shackled Bobby Seale.

The people who show up every day

now merely call him "The Judge," because he's become too far out to bag with a single snappy phrase.

If National Educational Television piped the trial into Political Science classes, every high school and college in the land would have a riot when people saw the gap between the theories they're fed in class and the reality of how the courts actually function.

Julius Hoffman is the worst priest in the worst parochial school in Chicago.

Julius Hoffman is the guy who heads up detention class.

Julius Hoffman is the truant officer.

When a defendant is sick in Julius Hoffman's court, he has to bring a note from home.

When a defendant talks at the table in Julius Hoffman's court, he risks getting his name written down in the Big Black Book ("He knows if you've been good or bad.")

When a fifty-four-year-old defendant gets treated like he's six, he knows that he is in Julius Hoffman's courtroom.

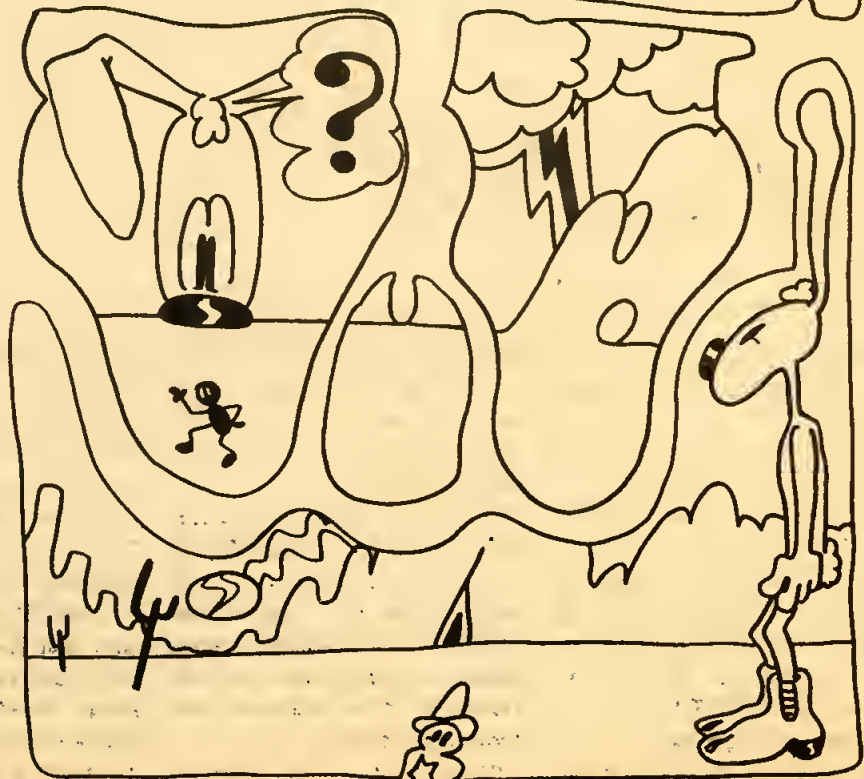
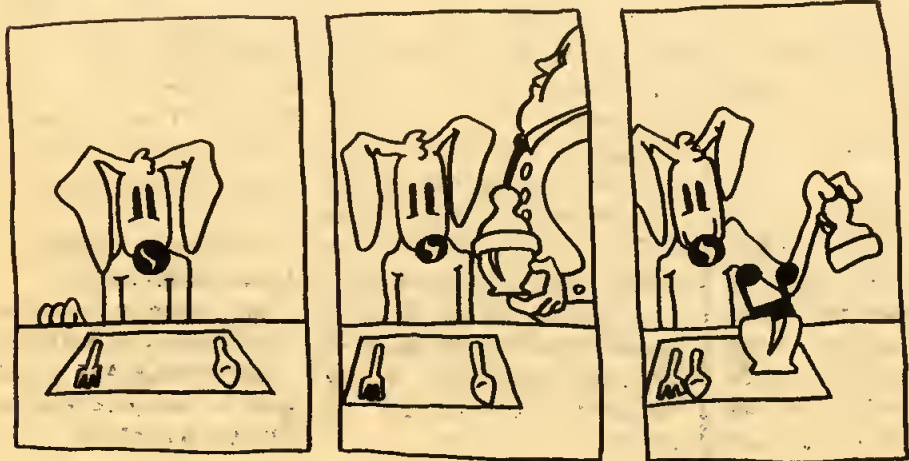
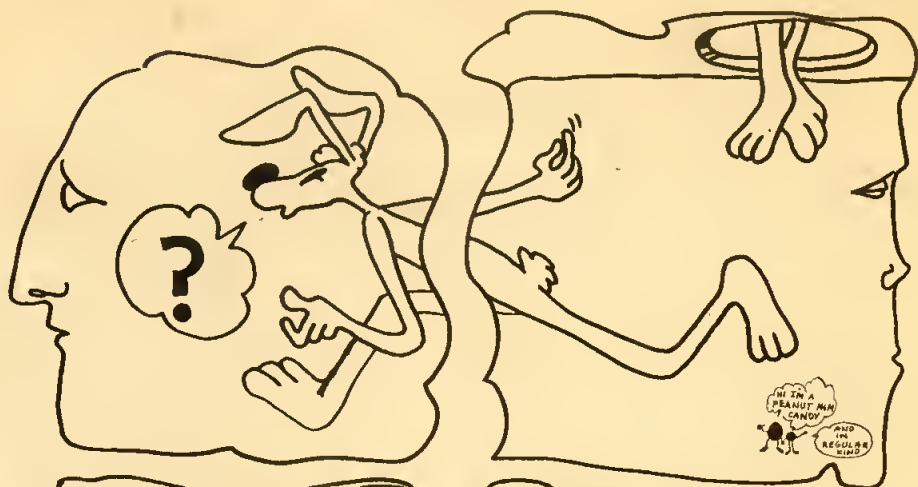
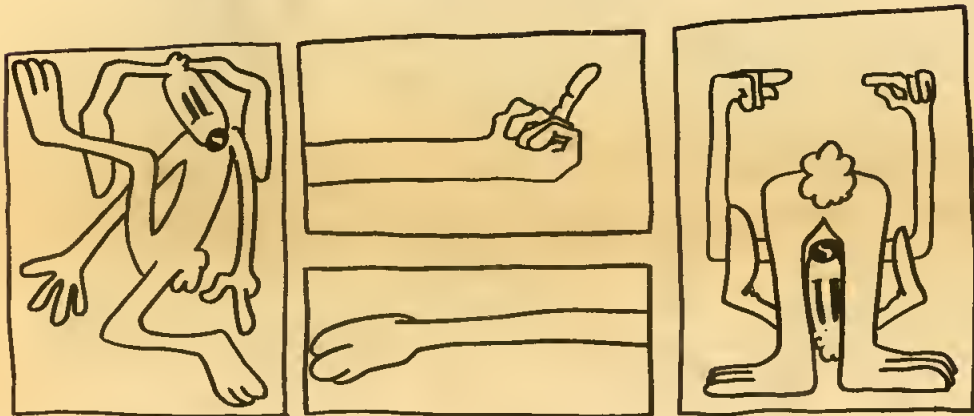
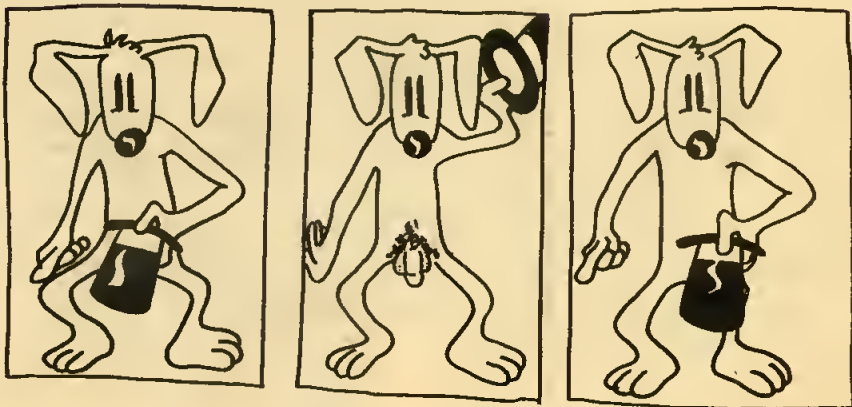
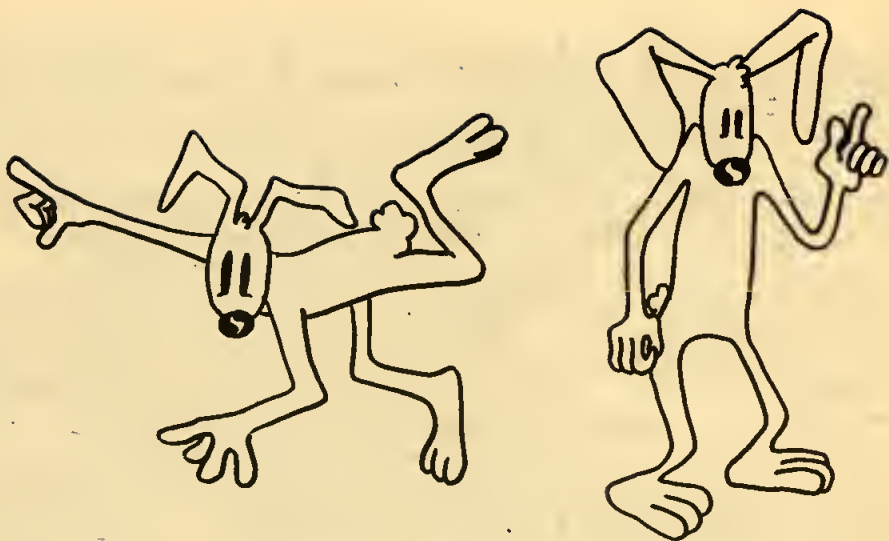
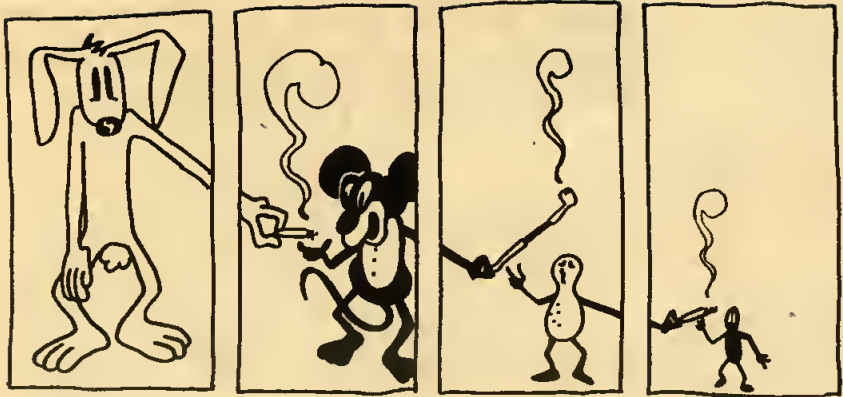
Julius the Just.

"The Judge" has a vampire for an ego, and he never misses a chance to feed it. He arrested four lawyers when the trial began for withdrawing by telegram rather than fly 3000 miles each to make ten-minute appearances. He spoke about his role as the savior of "the Negro people in Chicago" on the same day that he sentenced Bobby Seale to four years in prison for daring to insist on being

his own attorney. He nearly perished from glee when he got the chance to ORDER Richard J. Daley, the very man for whom this "due process" is being held, to raise his voice.

The current phase of "The Judge's" bum trip began on January 8th, when Ed Sanders, poet, author, and rock and roller, testified about the Yippies. He got "The Judge" off his chair when he introduced himself as a "peace creep." He raised him a little higher when he explained that the second Yippie meeting had consisted of a half-hour's meditation in front of a Che poster followed by another half-hour during which he, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and others strapped baggies full of ice cubes on their feet and ran about to "toughen their soles." He brought him full to his feet when he revealed during cross examination that the Yippies had planned for "dawn ass-washing" and a giant ceremony at Soldier's Field in which "Hubert Humphrey would confess to Allen Ginsberg his secret preference for anal intercourse."

From then on, "The Judge" was in the ozone. He nearly barred the next major witness, Professor Don Kalish of UCLA and the National Mobilization, because he wanted to take the oath from Column B, the one without "God" in it. He threatened the lawyers when they asked questions a bit outside the scope of the examination. And then, just before the end of the day, he told all present that the defendants
(Continued on Page 17)



THREE OR FOUR FEET FROM HOME

James Lichtenberg

"North or South, up or down,
East or West, which is the best to
room?
You notice that we're not alone.
Although I might be movin'
I'm just three or four feet from
home."

—J. Cipollina

(from the new album by
Quicksilver Messenger Service,
"Shady Grove" ... just beautiful!)

Things I forgot to tell you, by
accident or design. Sometimes it's
hard to know your own mind.

When the Byrds flew by they did
Mr. Spaceman "—Just advertising for
a free ride on a U.F.O." said
McGuinn.

Oean Latimer wrote one of the most
moying, relevant pieces of rock
criticism to have reached the light in
recent months. Last week's issue.
Beautiful.

Smack and reds are the current San
Francisco street drugs. "Every one in
New York has to hustle," said Jerry
Garcia of the Grateful Dead, "And
everyone in San Francisco has a gun.
That's a gross exaggeration, but it
gives you an idea."

"Psychedelic rock died two years
ago," said Paul Siebel Village
luminary, composer and performer,
"But the record companies are so
overstocked with groups that they
continue to deal it out, with
voluminous hype together with their
mighty collaborators, the dj's."

If The Byrd's (hardly their latest)
album Fifth Dimension passed you
by, loop back and catch it. Here are
the words from the 1st cut, side one 5D
(Fifth Dimension) 2:32 ... time is
on your side.):

Oh how is it that I could come out
to here

And be still floating

And never hit bottom

And keep fallin' through

Just relaxed and payin' attention?

All my two dimensional boundaries
were gone

I had lost them badly.

A solid word crumbled and

(Continued on Page 19)

HIP-POCRATES

Eugene Schoenfeld

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I'm strung out on heroin. This
doesn't seem to have any long term
advantages.

There are a good many places
which offer help to addicts who wish
to kick. But to the best of my
knowledge, all of them ask the name
of the patients and take photographs,
etc. The confidential file always
eventually becomes available to the
law enforcers.

Rather than risk exposure I've been
drifting along day to day. Is there a
way to obtain assistance
anonymously?"

ANSWER: I've never heard of a drug
clinic routinely photographing its
patients but they will ask for his
name and address.

If I were strung out on a drug and
didn't want to be part of a computer
bank, I might choose to use a
different name and address for my
clinic visits. Theoretically, a patient's
files may not be released without his
permission but theory and reality
don't always coincide.

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

If a girl's hymen is intact, how does
the menstrual blood get out?"

ANSWER: Only rarely does the
hymen completely cover the vaginal
opening. One or more small openings
permit flow of menstrual blood.

Cyclic pain and cramping without
bleeding in a young girl may indicate
an imperforate hymen. Prompt
medical attention is then necessary to
prevent serious consequences.

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I know the latest trend is to go
without underwear, but even with
my modest length skirts I wouldn't
dare. My vagina constantly drips a
milky substance. I am pretty sure it
isn't a discharge of disease, because it
is not discolored, doesn't itch, and I
have had it for years. In the last few
years this drip has become more of a
problem.

Since I don't plan to go around
without underwear, I am not worried
about leaving a trail like Hansel &
Gretel, but I don't like my underwear
to look dirty after two or three
hours. Sometimes my boyfriend will
take off some of my clothes, and it
embarrasses me to think he might
notice.

I think the drip is the result of
sexual arousal, but since I don't think
I'm abnormally preoccupied with
sex, I wonder what to do.

This is really too embarrassing to
mention to my gynecologist."

ANSWER: Chronic sexual arousal is,
unfortunately, the least likely source
of a chronic vaginal discharge. Common causes are trichomonas, fungal and gonorrheal infections, erosion of the cervix or a reaction to birth control pills. Your gynecologist will neither be shocked by your questions nor embarrass you with his answers.

"Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

The guy who thought up the
enema idea for disciplining his wife is
a genius! I used to strap my teenage
spoiled-brat of a wife's backside until
she was black and blue without
noticeably improving her behavior.

But after tying her down and
administering only one enema the
improvement in her behavior is
remarkable. She hasn't misbehaved
since."

COMMENT: You'd better not turn
your back on Women's Liberation.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a
collection of letters and answers
published by Grove Press. 95¢
paperbound.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your
letters. Write to him c/o P.O. Box
680, Tiburon, California 94920.

How To Get Inside the Teenyboppers Head, Take over, Develop a Large Following and Become a Leader of the Scene.

1. Teenyboppers aren't very smart. This is your Chief Advantage.

- THE TEENYBOPPER IS USUALLY
ABOUT 15 OR 16, BUT SOME
ARE AS OLD AS 19 OR 20.
- IF YOU DON'T GET HER,
SOMEBODY ELSE WILL. AND
THEY GO FAST THESE DAYS.
- THEY'RE FUN AND THEY'RE
BEAUTIFUL, BUT THEY DIE
SOON AFTER EXPOSURE.
- THEY'RE PATHETICALLY STUPID
AND VULNERABLE.
- THEY KNOW ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING.

2. They are bored and looking for somebody just like you!!

- THE TEENYBOPPER HAS
SOMEHOW GOTTEN HOLD OF
THE NOTION THAT SOME BIG
THING IS GOING ON THAT SHE'S
MISSING!
- SHE WANTS TO BE IN MORE
THAN ANYTHING.
- SHE DESIRES DESPERATELY
TO BE CLOSE TO THE MEN
AT THE TOP OF THE SCENE,
BE THEY ROCK'N' ROLL STARS,
POETS, BLACK POWER SPARKES,
ACTIVISTS OR BIG-TIME HEADS.
- SHE NEEDS TO BE ENTER-
TAINED CONSTANTLY.
- SHE WANTS YOU TO TURN
HER ON.
- SHE WANTS TO LOSE HER
INNOCENCE AND BE WORLDLY.
- SHE WANTS EXCITEMENT!

3. All you have to do is prove to the Teenybopper that You're right where it's AT!!

- BE SURE YOU'RE A MEMBER
IN GOOD STANDING OF AT LEAST
ONE VERY IN GROUP OR TRIBE.
- BE ECSTATIC. IT'S NOT NECESSARY
TO GO AROUND SPILLING YOUR
SOUL IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY.
PLAY IT COOL.
- SHOW THE TEENYBOPPER HOW
UTTERLY MOVABLE SHE IS.
- DROP HINTS THAT YOUR CROWN
IS REALLY HAVING A BALL.
- LET HER KNOW THAT SHE IS
BEING CONSIDERED FOR INITIA-
TION, IF SHE CAN PROVE SHE'S
HIP ENOUGH.
- ULTIMATELY, YOU MUST BRING
HER TO THE REALIZATION THAT
YOU ARE NOT ONLY THE MOVING
FORCE IN YOUR IN-CROWD BUT
ALSO THE WAVE UNIVERSE.
- IT'S EASIER THAN YOU THINK,
MATE.



Before You Know
What's Happening, You'll
Have Herds of Devoted
Worshippers. You'll Be
a Cult unto Yourself!!
THEY'LL DO ANYTHING AND
EVERYTHING FOR YOU. SOUND
HARD TO BELIEVE? TRY IT!

...It's Magic!

SEX YES, POLITICS NO!

Denmark may have given up
censorship where sex is concerned
but politics, that's a very different
matter.

On November 5, helmeted police,
with dogs, forced their way into the
offices of the 4,000-circulation
periodical "Vietnam Solidarity,"
after it published details of where to
find secret military monitoring
centres set up in Denmark as part of
what it describes as aglobal,
Pentagon-directed NATO network of
2,000 such listening posts.

They were unable to confiscate any
copies, because there weren't any in

the offices. But they were luckier
when later the same day they were
able to confiscate the entire issue of
the well-known left wing fortnightly
"Politisk Revy," which contained
similar information.

The confiscations came a few days
after Denmark's Defence Minister
Erik Ninn Hansen had told
parliament that he would order the
removal of a military communications
network in a Copenhagen University
basement, after students had
discovered its existence.

At the same time he refused to
open a sealed envelope handed to

him by a leftwing MP who said it
contained a list of such installations
secretly set up in civilian institutions.
Instead he passed it on to the
Minister of Justice to find out how
the list had been obtained.

That was not the limit of the
Danish government's NATO
Solidarity activities either. On
November 11, the Minister of Justice
ruled that two American deserters
who had appealed for political
asylum should be refused. This had
been a test case, the first time such
deserters had come into the open in
Denmark.

PAGEANT PLAYERS

That gratuitous street theater
group, the PAGEANT PLAYERS, are
back fortuitously having
performances at their loft at 450
Broome Street (corner of Mercer),
4th floor, every Saturday night at
9:00 P.M. They are doing old plays
and new ones that have just been
created. There is also free wine,
music, good people and vibes and
whatever else people stay around and
get into. Admission is by
contribution; i.e. what you can
afford.

They are also having free
cataclismic open workshops which
are open to anyone, on Tuesdays at
8:00 p.m. These are events which
break down emotion-body
inhibitions, generate energy, and do
exercises in the style of
sound-movement techniques we use
to create images and plays.

Open workshops for children over
5 are on Sundays at 1:00 P.M.

NEW PEOPLE ARE NEEDED to
work on new plays. For info call
673-3023 or 673-3489.



A DAY IN THE LIFE

7:00 P.M.

Insidious little world we live in, eh? Picking up the daily paper is like picking up the tout sheet at Aqueduct—for all I know, the horses have been left out and people have been substituted. What's being touted this week? Genocide is a very popular number. Just like the non-intervention pact during the Spanish Civil war between France, Russia, England and the United States, all the big nations have wrung their hands at the needless slaughter going on in Biafra. (Remember a few months ago, perhaps a year when everyone was Biafra conscious? Remember those intimate little

David Walley

benefits which were silenced because this nation couldn't intervene? And how about that enterprising little woman who capitalized on everyone's conscience and ripped off a few thousand dollars for herself?) Think of the world theater involved. Now that Biafra has been divested of 3 million (going for 6) of her people, the world can openly solicit pity and opinion. Now they can use Biafra's misery as a prop for their own calloused national behavior. The Americans, like Ross Perot, can be moved to part with some of its wealth. How nice. "When they reach the 3 million mark, then send in the mercy transports and the medical

aid," I can hear some Defense official opine while at his ease with his steak and wine.

8:15 P.M.

New media wars being waged . . . Vietnam now a question of public relations . . . nations with their pride battle each other like palsied elephants for newsprint. (Kill for peace Dirty Ed chortles) I haven't figured out what that means yet, but I only know what I see. Pictures of Song My (now poster fare) Appalachia mean little to men in Washington who themselves are only interested in their backers support or in the size of

their lobbyists expense accounts. The circus atmosphere of this day in the Severed Seventies is not lost, but the records in New Jersey necessary for the prosecution of corrupt officials are. Lost? Hell, they were destroyed in a fit of conscience. There's more corruption in Newark, Jersey City, Clifton and Passaic than all of Hong Kong. Jersey City has its own pollution board, but the directors own the gas works. (Reminds me of a cartoon in the *New Yorker* a few years back with the caption of "You are now leaving Jersey City, please resume breathing.") 8:45 P.M.

So many things to talk about, so many people to make aware, so little time in which to make it all happen. Newspapers mirror current insanity. The pundits squeak in their swivel chairs, green visors askew, cigar ashes dribbling down their starched white shirtfronts. They smile at the UPI ticker. They ask the same questions we all do: Why? What for? (music now colors the piece relating the inside to outside, environmental conditioning) "Trouble Coming Every Day"—Zappa's mustached ugliness laying down the truth, "No way to the grave, that trouble coming every day." Perhaps this decade will be called, like a group of poems I read in my youth, *Pictures of a Gone World*.

"You can cool it, you can heat it, but baby I don't need it", either Frank. And he's the only cultural prophet of this generation, an anti-prophet looking at the gutters with abstract time signatures to measure America, always going back to his own initial *Freak Out*. Nobody really understood what he was doing. All his musical ugliness, ugliness translated into beauty which nobody wanted to dig. Cynical yes, he's cynical because he tried to make art public only to learn that the public wanted spectacle, not unlike the politics of despair (Ev Dirksen rest in peace). No one had time to listen, give them guitar riffs and Caravan with a drum solo plus a little methadrene.

10:30 P.M.

My friends accuse me of unrequited cynicism, but no Miniver am I . . . and there are even reasons. Perhaps I read too much Ambrose Bierce (one hell of a newspaperman, the type who used to show up at watercress socials at the turn of the century smelling like a barroom and reeking of cheap cigars, a man so cynical that he left the States to interview Zappatta and promptly disappeared from sight) or Menchen who's much better left buried in the pages of the *American Mercury*. Perhaps I was steeped too thoroughly in the culture of the Twenties. Seeing one's nightmare dreams coming true on television makes one cynical. Reading *Daily News* editorials (mostly cant and rhetoric for selling papers) makes one cynical. Being an old Brooklyn Dodger fan makes one cynical. How doth it improve the quality of the day to not breathe and Ken Weaver used to blow his nose into an envelope and send the remains to Con Edison to protest air pollution sans postage or return address . . . was he cynical?

11:00 P.M.

Velvet Underground's Sister Ray searching for his mainline while Lou Reed screams at Maureen Tucker, perverse band/prophets of Sixties and Seventies. Ever consider politicians searching for theirs, but they can't shoot it sideways except in Asia. When you have venom running through your veins instead of blood, when the street beggars cadge you for change every day they see you, and you know they know that it's useless, when the cold creeps into your life, when the bills aren't being paid with astonishing regularity . . . well, you could say at this juncture that's it's all environmental conditioning . . .

So many Americans never leave the towns they're born in and their cradle to grave security. New York has nothing certain about it, nothing at all—even the subways can't get it on. Some day I envision a full-scale boycott of all public transportation (when the fare goes to 50 cents) where everyone will stage a mill-in on the highways, commuters will not surrender their tickets to the conductors but will storm the trains to ride hautilly to and from the city . . . But no one has enough balls for that drastic move. They can't arrest everyone, can they? Long Island has the potential to be just like Woodstock because there aren't enough jails to house everyone comfortably—Anon.

12:15 A.M. (past the Midnight hour)

Cynical, yes, but with one driving hope that things will improve tomorrow. Cynicism is a defense against the inevitable. Cynicism is a defense when you've seen the best minds of the generation gone to speed or war while cant reigns in Washington. Cynicism is the only thing left, the only defense against a multi-media offense.

Allan Katzman will sympathize with me—he had a five line article with a visual a week ago. This is better . . . I think. Speaking of old scores or sores, the Doors (neat rhyme) will be in town this week. The Doors have made a career out of being the pecks bad boys of the entertainment world. Members a-dangle, lawsuits a-pending, and god willing, they will perform for their hordes in Madison Square Garden. I'll tell you about it sometime . . . there's life in that old boy yet, whatthe hell!

1:00 A.M.

Writing is a solitary profession. There is no one here but Samantha and Ezra Portnoy, my cats and their cathox filled to a pungent sufficiency. The air outside is crisp and chilling. My typewriter is making funny noises like it's sick of me pounding its guts out. OK typewriter, faithful serf, now you can get some rest. After last week, you deserve it. Besides, you may get a permanent rest when you're impounded for slander or libel or anything else I may think up for you to transcribe.

And you, patient readers, adieu until the morrow. You may see me on the streets, Jewish afro and leather fringe jacket blowing in the wind, I'll be bumming change from the winos and speedfreaks for typewriter paper . . . Christ, where did I put that subway token. The train to Dachau is already late, but the LIRR will make the connection one of these days, I'm sure.

THE MATRIX POEMS: 1960-1970.
N.H. PRITCHARD. ODOUBLEOAY.
CRAB CANTOS. HARRY LEWIS.
DRAWINGS BY BASIL KING. A
FOR NOW BOOK in association with
SAINT AORIAN CO.

Poetry is a game which invents worlds, but it is always the spirit of the poet that lays its foundation. In a book like *The Matrix* it is especially true and one must realize that upon entering, it is the words which make up the design of its content.

There is a world in N.H. Pritchard's head which dances in visual classical strain primitivised by the rhythm of its own content. *The Matrix* is well named as each poem whirls before you in a media mix of meanings. If a word leans or sits lonely among empty space, it is always the silence which sits and leans along with it. Time is the burst of energy, arising momentarily, which makes the words move or crack or just split and disappear. Mr. Pritchard communicates simultaneously.

There is an ever present FREE souled element in these poems which keep. Pritchard as a poet in advance of an arising army of language. There are very few poets like him who can reconcile the strain between the printed page and its oral outcast of sound. He has made schizophrenia pay well in a language like American where its own technology and experience compete with each other for eminence and survival. He bows to neither of them as Gods but makes them whole with his own special brand of energy and song.

This is a rare quality among poets nowadays and it is to the poet's own credit that when borrowing from others, he can throw it away when *The Matrix* calls. Personality above all is nothing unless possessed by the song. If the poet fails in this attempt, then he can only turn to tyrant or saviour. If he succeeds, he transmutes to the supra verbal haunts of just *Being There*.

The Matrix is there among all its polyrhythms and dissonance. It sits quietly and profoundly, orchestrated by the pictorial rhythm of its white pages. One can see this beautifully played out in one of the poet's longer poems L'OEIL. Words wait, crowd and continue in a feast of silence and space. The words may crack at times but the rhythm continues, and the end only comes with recognition. The poem is unquotable only because to do so would destroy its art.

But there are other poems that can be quoted as well as sung. Some are more simple in meaning as well as rhythms or rhythm like *Cassandra and Friend*: Pausing at the edge of the wood/they turned to see a huge/entering from beneath a stone/it wasn't one of their own/for it had never grown/Unlikely as it seemed/their stares were not demeaning/Because it was a fact/it never left a track: or some are just simple in its notation of meaning like OLOGY:

a	s:
see	e to
d	s gather
i	ness
r	t

From the more polyrhythmical poems like ASWELAY and GYRE'S G A L A Z: "Unwindish rustlings/musting thoughts/of ill timed harvests/And/as we lay/as we lay/and/as we lay/we lay/as we lay/and/as we lay/Above/a bird/watching/we knew not/what/cause/his/course/of course/we lay/we lay/ in the rippling/soundless/boundless/vastly/ of a firthing/duty leaving/we lay/wanting/noughtless".

Twainly ample of amongst
twainly ample of amongst

In lit black viewly
viewly
viewly
in viewly
viewly
viewly
in viewly
viewly
in viewly
viewly
in viewly
viewly
in viewly
viewly
in viewly
viewly

In lit black viewly
in dark to stark
In dark to stark
In dark to stark
in dark to stark
In dark to stark
In dark to stark lit

To the more polynotated poems whose words are clamped between rhythm like THE VOICE:

s talk s t oo in t rude
up on t his d une
s till ness b rush e s the sea
c alm t oo s oo n g r e w
c alm ab out out the s and
a few gu ill s drew in t their
w in g
a h us h
be s ide t hem
t he r us h
l in g e r in g
fr om the v o ice
of a dr op f all in g

There are poems here which are just mere objects as the last chapter of poems' OBJECTS indicates. And there are poems like the previously mentioned L'OEIL and AURORA which combine all the elements of *The Matrix*. It is these poems above all which lead the reader to accept the eye as well as the ear as one inseparable body of the moment.

The Matrix as a work is to be remembered. It is listening with a third ear and bespeaks of a language hurtling through space which touches us with the love of bodies knowing the future.

If *The Matrix* is the mother of energy, then the world created from poems differ only according to where the poet begins. Harry Lewis in his *Crab Cantos* begins from the heart; for each of us it is the same/crabs crawl every place./forget the money./forget the desperate stretch./it is not claws but/the heart./we are human./what crab we are is/the groping from/a shelled heart.

There is a world in Harry Lewis' poems which mesh with the moving world. There is the change and dissolution of reality itself which makes his heart explode upon the

page. "Poetry," as Donald Phelps explains in the introduction, "which undertakes, as the best poetry has always done, not only to render the poet's emotions, but to explore and explain the moving world."

It is the heart which speeds the poet on his way; the intercellular substance, as the poet himself dedicates it, "for all those who crawl along with me toward some light that will break the shell." He comes into Time with an emotion of vision which evolves into a vision of society itself:

CRAB CANTO/OREAM

I live in a City of crabs.
my body is a crab farm.
I have shaved my legs and my
pubic hair
for love. at night crabs sit with me
at bars. I want tender arms

and I am held by bites/ claws
such silence as cities know
crabs feed on my sleep
but there is no nightmare

the crabs talk my language
they read my poems and pass
judgement. they question my
deformed

body. they crawl lovingly
and the streets sing with their
scraping.

this week I will leave for the
country

Lewis has a mystic regard for the surfaces of things themselves and a satiric response that passionately and ferociously comprehend man in his environment.

the crab comes into the bar/starts slowly by/by mid-/night is drunk/moves his smile at women/and is broke. the empty claws/scrape.crab eyes for/focus./even one tender smile makes/the evening.

Or: I stretch my claws
toward/wake-up. I am such a/fine
beast. my mind/fogged as if the
morning/empties up on a
beach/morning after. I am not
afraid/to crawl.

Though the poet's center resides in the character of the Crab, it is in the emotion of love where the poem's world begins:

I am always ready/to fall in love.
in love/I am born oval/huge growing
in the hardedge/of the City that
crabscape of/a built world. the shells
of/the crab are solid brick/and soft
sentimental mud.

And: the City is a crab of rock. we
blast/we sink our lives into its
foundation/we assume the shell
won't go bad/we live in a crab farm
rooted/and sure that the roots
are/strong. we crawl through
the/scape of the built world.

And: I want an oval world/rolling
oval no more/room to crawl no more
shell/to hold the guts tight/the City is
builided and fixed/let it all go down
into the oval/of the germ/the
seed/fruitful from rotted guts. and
the crab/sings only in dead cities/the
fright-songs of/a dead edifice.

Amid all these poems, there is a breeding animal which begins and ends in the present moment of loving. The illumination of the heart makes the CRAB CANTOS a new and most important work by one of the better and younger poets writing in America today.

MATRIX Allan Katzman



WE MUST REESTABLISH DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH THE PLANET BEFORE ASSHOLE TURNS IT INTO AN ASHTRAY

THREE-DOT THRENODY

TORONTO: Preparations are well underway here for John Lennon's forthcoming three-day Rock Festival, to be held on July 3-5. Noting that conditions in the U.S.S.A. don't seem too promising for rock concerts--Altamont and all that--Lennon's people decided on Canada because "Canada's attitudes toward recognition of Red China, Vietnam, NATO, and Marijuana show a great amount of maturity, which is very rare in the world today. The police are less likely to turn a peace festival into a bloodbath."... Profits from the Toronto Festival will go to worthy causes, after the rock groups--tentatively including the Plastic Ono Band, The Band, Grand Funk Railroad, Ronnie Hawkins, The Who, and Joe Cocker--have been suitably reimbursed. Distribution will be left up to Lennon, Dick Gregory, Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, and the president of Atlantic Records.... What bullshit.... Another of Lennon's projects is to organize an intercontinental "vote for peace" thing involving hip radio stations and ass in music magazines: the results will be forwarded to the United Nations.... Who is this Lennon creep?.... Back in the Big Town, Madison Square Garden is reinforcing its pilings and stocking up on identification badges for the Winter Festival For Peace next week, on the 28th. Dave Brubeck, Judy Collins, Harry Belafonte, see for yourself--proceeds go to the Moratorium Committee, you should call 594-6600 for details.

Have you wondered about the **MAN OF TOMORROW'S** inner thoughts, his struggles and trials as a **CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED**, all the complications and loneliness of his dual-identity?

BLACK PANTHER FACE TOUGH

It's pretty hard paper these days with the wife of some captain who's gone to see the North Vietnamese the Soviet Department fairs and Ross Perot of her husband from a pound. Almost always, teased and lacquered holds a press conference little attempt at diplomacy. "Oh, they were all," she cries with tears. "My husband is war in North Vietnam. People won't even from me and little Bob never seen a picture and... and he doesn't the Mets won the Series."

From the back of upstart of a reporter renegade from Liberation has the balls to ask the relevant question: "Madame, that your husband captured by the North?"

The Airforce Wife "He was on a bombing mission in Hanoi."

IN NEW YORK LAST latest parade of military turned to America with tales of Red inhumanity three women whose husbands behind bars. The women, person, Iris Moore, are the wives of three New York Panther Twenty-One April, none of these were able to see their husbands. Since last April, the men to suffer the knowledge men were being beaten in prison, that communication and medical treatment deliberately withheld from them. It's been a hard time for the wives. Dolores Bayo P to go on welfare for her children to survive. She has three year old twins to go on the welfare rolls every day, every day but Wednesday down to the prison to see her husband, chained, unfree and abused.

Their husbands, however, are prisoners in any North American detention camp. No sir! They see them any night but Wednesday Long Island Men's House Of Detention City. Their husbands, however, are the Army wives,

PRISON BREAK...



R. COBB

SOME

WOMEN

TITLES

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no hospitals, no dams. They are, how-
ever, accused of "conspiracy" to blow up
Macy's, Gimbels, the 44th Police Precinct
and certain flower patches in the
Bronx Botanical Gardens.

Sitting in my loft over some coffee,
the three women attempted to describe the
ordeal they've been going through for the
past six months. Delores Bayo Patterson,
mother of four, was siezed with her hus-
band Allah Bey Hassan, at 5 a.m. on April
2nd, when the Police swooped down on the
eir Harlem apartment. Tall, thin, wear-
ing an African turban neatly tied around
her hair, Bayo described her arrest in
tones of anger and disgust:

"The pigs... they came in my house
banging on the door and yelling that
someone downstairs was complaining about
noise in my apartment. I told them they
were crazy 'cause everybody up here was
sleeping. So, they just said that I'd
better open up the door 'cause they had
a warrant for my arrest. They were
banging so hard that I was afraid they'd
wake up the children, so finally I opened
the door. When I opened up, the pigs had
no warrant. One pig had a shotgun, which
he shoved in my face. He said that if I
moved he'd blow my head off! Then, the
rest of the pigs went into the bedroom
and grabbed Hassan. Me, they grabbed me
and handcuffed me to the couch. Then the
children were brought in to sit beside
their parents who were in chains."

Allah Bey Hassan was booked that
morning for conspiracy to bomb half the
department stores in New York City. Bail
was set at an impossible \$100,000. As
for Bayo Patterson, she was shipped to
the Women's House of Detention, where
later the authorities conveniently charged
her with possession of a dangerous
weapon and possession of a dangerous
drug. The drug in question was Darvon,
prescribed for Mrs. Patterson by her
physician.

"I was down in that rathole for nine
days," Bayo recalls, "they tried to force
me to sign papers saying that my husband
was in on some conspiracy. They told me
that they'd take my children away from me
if I didn't cooperate!"
Finally, Bayo Patterson's family managed
to scrape together \$1500 in bail money.
Nine days after the early morning raid,
she was freed from the Women's House of
D. "My folks are poor and everybody in
my family works. Nobody could afford to
stay home and take care of my children.
That's why they had to bail me out. But
getting that \$1,500 together was real
hard for them. Real hard."

Iris Moore's recollection of the
police raid was quite similar to that of
Dolores Patterson's: "The pigs started
banging on the door. When I asked who
was there, some Black pig said that he
was from the 'Welfare Department' and
he wanted to know if I wanted to get
on welfare!" Mrs. Moore, the wife of
Richard Moore, the highest ranking
Party officer in New York Panther
organisation, sat back a moment and
sipped on her coffee. "Well... I just
told him to come back at People's
Time... Like around two in the after-
noon. That's when he threatened to
break the door in. So, I finally
opened up and there were all these pigs
wearing bullet proof vests and shoving
shotguns in my face. The next thing I
knew, they had my husband in handcuffs
and I haven't seen him alone since that
time."

For Mrs. Moore, the arrest of her
husband has forced a total break with
her family. "You see, I've got a brother

who's a pig," she admitted. "Really,
before about a year ago, I didn't know
anything about pigs! To me, before the
Panthers, a policeman was someone who
helped you across the street and all
that. Like when my brother became a cop,
I was really kinda proud. But, when
Richard joined the Party, I started to
realize what all the shit was really
about. Now, my brother and I have NO
communication--none whatsoever."

From the corner of the room, a
petite but intense young woman joined our
conversation. "Yeah, the wives of all
the Panther political prisoners have had
a real hard time," explained Marie Soula,
whose husband Lee Roper is also one of
the Twenty One. Marie's voice was tough
but emotional as she told of the fate of
the families of Black Panther prisoners.
"Take the case of Lena Powell, whose
husband Curtis was arrested in the bomb-
ing conspiracy case. Well, Lena is
white, so she has to go through extra
harrassment every time she goes to jail
to visit her husband. But that's not
all. The night the pigs burst in, Lena
was pregnant and they really roughed her
up and scared her bad. But the baby was
born two months premature and it died
three days after birth from a punctured
lung. Curtis didn't know much about it
till just before his baby's funeral. The
pigs brought him to the funeral in two
sets of handcuffs."

Iris Moore was very much concerned
with the health of the prisoners, par-
ticularly with Lee Berry. Berry, an
epileptic, who is also one of the Twen-
tyone, was arrested in a Veterans Hos-
pital bed, where he was recovering from
a seizure. "It took us nearly six
months of court action," Iris complained
bitterly, "for us to get him back into
a hospital bed. For the rest of that
time, the pigs had him in a regular
prison cell, where the most treatment
he ever got was aspirins. Finally we
got a judge to order him to Bellevue.
But at Bellevue we just don't know
what's happening. They're operating
on him every day for stuff we don't
even know about. Like they took out
his appendix last week and now the
doctors think that the operation was
unnecessary. Now there's something with
blood clots. A couple of weeks ago, Lee
was in a coma and we thought he'd die.
All this probably never would have
happened if they would have just
kept him in a hospital bed all along.
And there's another thing, Lee and
his wife had a baby while he was in
jail. The pigs have never allowed him
to see it, even though he may die any
day."

I turned to Marie, very much aff-
ected by what she, Iris, and Bayo had
told me. "It really sounds like the cops
are trying to kill all the Panthers they
can find outside jail and imprison every-
one else. But in Lee Berry's case, it
seems almost as if the genocide is
reaching even to those they've got
behind bars."

"Right on, Claudia," replied
Marie Souls. "Right on. There's
only one thing the Pig Power Structure
doesn't realize: they don't know that
Panther men are strong, strong brothers.
The pigs don't understand that no matter
what they do, no matter how many of us
they kill, that we and our children will
make a revolution. Our Panther men are
strong."

Panther women, evidently, are pretty
tough too.



ECOLOGICAL SHOCK THERAPY Francis Walsh

Of all the problems facing man today, pollution of the atmosphere is becoming the foremost threat to the existence of life on this planet. Only a few years ago during the height of the nuclear bomb tests, a slowly aroused public outcry finally resulted in bringing about a cessation of these experiments. But by then, the danger level had already been reached and radiation has now enveloped the stratosphere surrounding the Earth. Fallout is the inevitable result, which is now permeating the anatomical and genetic structure of all living organism.

Pollution is a much more complicated problem because the wheels of industry and motion cannot stop and the totality of technology has become the wheel of life in man's evolutionary process into the 4th dimension. We see man's first feeble efforts in the beginning of the outward journey to the cosmic universe. Technologically, we have reached the year 2001, while back on Earth, there are over 3 billion people who will soon be gasping for breath.

The atmosphere consists of 87% Nitrogen and 21% oxygen plus a small amount of ozone in the upper layers—the so-called ionosphere. In the past 50 years or the period of

rapid industrial expansion, the release of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere has increased over 10%, which already has brought about an inverse in global temperatures around the Earth's surface. It is known that an increase of even 3 or 5° in the Earth's temperature would bring about cataclysmic changes, which as the melting of polar ice caps.

A major irritation to eyes and skin is Sulphur Dioxide which comes from industrial processing of combustion fuels, which change into Sulphur Trioxide combines with water vapor in the air to become Sulphuric acid.

The most widely distributed toxic agent is carbon monoxide, which is produced in massive quantities and the greatest source of this poison comes from auto exhausts. Hundreds of thousands of people are affected by this every day, resulting in headaches, palpitation, dizziness, anemia, neuritis, psychosis and death. The city of New York for example, produces 250 million tons of this in one year from auto exhausts alone. The aggregate of this odorless and colourless death gas pumped into the air everyday is staggering, and continues increasing every year without let-up.

We are now living in a sea of chemicals which is filling up the bubble of air surrounding the Earth.

We can already witness the disasters of pollution in our lakes and rivers where fish and other living organisms are dying in untold millions.

This is perhaps a necessary reminder to show man that he will be suffering a similar fate in the near future if the present trend continues. It is already evident that certain large industrial cities are on the brink of becoming ecological disaster areas, and time is running out. No wonder there is alienation, revolution and war. Who can deny that Homeosapiens are on a kind of mad rush to total asphyxiation of mind and body.

Chemical and biological warfare is already a physiological reality affecting everyone on this planet. Thomas Jefferson once wrote of weather conditions in time of great political and revolutionary periods, as having a great deal to do with conditions in the atmosphere. Doomsday will not come about by someone pushing a button, but rather it is the total of many buttons being pushed every day resulting in millions of tons of toxic fumes and gases clouding the air and water with death, and altering the biological balance of all living things.

What kind of logic is it which perpetuates nuclear bombs, nerve gas

and germ warfare? It is the logic that is now polluting and destroying the life support systems on this planet. It is the same mentality which controls the institutional science that appears bent on biospheric mutations. Even the wisest man trembles at the thought that a billion year life cycle can be snuffed out in a few hours, not by natural forces or phenomenon, but by man's own physic and intuitive knowledge. It is ironic that the fossil remains of dinosaurs and monsters should be the full element which now contaminates the environment. Academic science does not appear to relate to the present human condition with any positive mechanism to alleviate present contamination, but rather seems to equate the theory that the pollution problem will resolve itself by the media of public relations. Man must gain control of his environment. Perhaps new science should have a free form of expression beyond the purely academic in order to employ the already developed technology in altogether new forms of application—metamorphise the machine, so to speak.

The Earth's atmosphere is like a gigantic static machine, and it is now possible that man may be able to use electronics to bring about an osmosis in the atmosphere similar in theory to the use of electrolisis and sterto-chemistry. Present technology is now sufficiently developed to bring about a nucleation process in the air by the use of electron-sonics or sound waves. Electron frequencies are recorded on magnetic tapes and emitted through multiple sound chambers creating a very high frequency which is then transmitted through positioned amplifiers. The resulting signals are transmitted and directed toward the ionosphere. The area or city to be nucleated would determine the positioning of the transmitters which would emit the electrons. Simulated emmissions from the transmitters would be set up pyramid fashion so that the two transmissions would collide at a certain height generating the maximum excitation of the ion atom's based on wave acoustics.

It is estimated that all over the Earth, lightning discharge occurs at the rate of about 100 discharges every second and is nature's persipitation valve brought about by ionization of electrons in the upper atmosphere. Cumulo-nimbus clouds for example, become positively charged at the top and negatively at the bottom with drops as carriers which operate until the electric-stress becomes so great that it causes a discharge of lightning between the charged surface of the same cloud or between two clouds and the induced charge on the Earth under it.

Such cloud formations are the carriers of toxic pollutants from Earth's industrial wastes and the mechanism described could be used to persipitate these cloud formations and bring about a fusion of elements. Such tests could be conducted over large bodies of water and some distance away from populated areas, results could herald the beginning of man's environmental control and ultimately result in great benefits to mankind.

After a year of hard work there are at last a few signs that the Art Workers Coalition is beginning to accomplish something. Starting on February 9 The Museum of "Modern" Art will open its doors free of charge to the general public every Monday between the hours of two in the afternoon and nine in the evening. This is largely due to the campaigning of the Coalition which is still working to expand these free hours and to bring them to other museums. Because of the work of the Coalition it is also possible for anyone to enter the "Modern" without paying at any time—he need only go to the information desk and state that he is unable to pay and he will be given a pass. Praise for the Coalition is also beginning to come from many sources for the My Lai massacre poster which its members finally managed to bring out despite the moral cowardice of the museum's staff. But perhaps the finest tribute to the Coalition so far was Conrad Dworkin's hysterical article in last week's EVD.

A more perfect compendium of inanities about art and artists could scarcely be written—if ever a guide were needed to what art isn't, Dworkin's article is it. His argument would not even be worth answering but for the opportunity it provides of trying once again to remove some of the nonsense surrounding the subject of art. Dworkin pretends to be interested in high artistic standards, but it becomes more and more evident that his real interest is an economic one—he is not concerned with esthetics in the slightest. He keeps talking about losers and how real artists are well-paid for their work and live in big lofts and studios. He does not consider that all systems must ultimately be measured by the lot of their losers, whether the art world, Ancient Rome, Viet Nam, or America, and the only truly cultured society is the one that gives its losers something meaningful to believe in or avoids the concept of losers altogether. Basically Dworkin is a fat cat who wants others to love fat cats like him and hate skinny underfed kittens.

He is also very much mistaken when he describes the Coalition members as losers (assuming this were important anyway)—the founders of the Coalition include such "names" as Len Lye, Takis, Carl Andre, Hans Haacke, Tom Lloyd, and other established Fifty-Seventh street artists who had begun to realize that the art world could no longer follow its accustomed course. Equally prominent among these people are the critics Gregory Battcock, John Perreault and, I suppose, myself. Assuming there is any honor in not being a "loser"—there may be situations so disgustingly corrupt (and today's art world may be one of those) that the only honorable thing to be is a loser.

By his own words Dworkin wants his artists to be cold, hungry, poor, but striving for eternity. Basically there is no difference between Dworkin's attitude and the man who wants his black people poor, miserable, but happy and smiling and

chomping on a piece of watermelon. He wants his artists to be scapegoats for his own sins, whatever these may be, and they can only do this by performing the strict ritual role he assigns them. We all know what to think of people who criticize "niggers for not staying in their places." What are we to make of Conrad Dworkin who is criticizing artists for not staying in *their* places.

But what kind of place does Dworkin envision for his artists anyway? He likes to imagine that he is the spokesman for all that is best in modern art and the "fair-minded curators and experts" who administrate it. And he wants to believe that his vision of the artist is the only true and lasting one, based on true and immutable human values. In point of fact Dworkin's picture of the artist is a piece of nineteenth century sentimentalism, based more on Puccini's *La Boheme* than anything closer or more relevant to our own day. It was in the last century that it was decided that artists should be regarded as irrelevant eccentrics, and it was then also that it became fashionable for them not to be involved in anything concerning the real world. In this way the nineteenth century made sure that one of the few sources of new and possibly dangerous ideas, namely artists, would be effectively neutralized.

Mr. Dworkin likes to believe that this concept of the artist is the only one possible, but this is far from being the case. Far from being eternal, as Dworkin imagines, the image of the artist has undergone any number of fluctuations through the centuries and is now going through further changes. During the renaissance in Italy, which most observers would agree was an important artistic period, the artist was nothing like Dworkin's image of *La Boheme sur le Bowery*. During this period (and many other periods of history) the artist was not some ivory tower scapegoat for society but politician, soldier, man of all trades, public hero and responsible citizen. This was the age of Leonardo, Michaelangelo, and Cellini, all of whom would have doubled over with laughter at Dworkin's dribble. It is towards this deeper, more enduring concept of the artist that the members of the Art Workers Coalition are now moving, however halting and uncertain their steps may be. The era of Dworkin's weak passive poor hungry starving self-effacing fools is on the way out.

As for Dworkin's criticism that the Coalition's meetings have no officers or strict rules of order, this may in fact be a compliment—in an age that has grown tired of egoistic leaders it is natural that attempts at collective leadership should be made by a group like the Coalition, however difficult this may be to apply in practice. Dworkin's main problem is that he is unable to accept anything that departs from his own deeply ingrained notions of what is correct, which he labels as "eternity." But Dworkin's eternity simply does not exist—no work of art lasts an eternity, the Parthenon is a ghost of

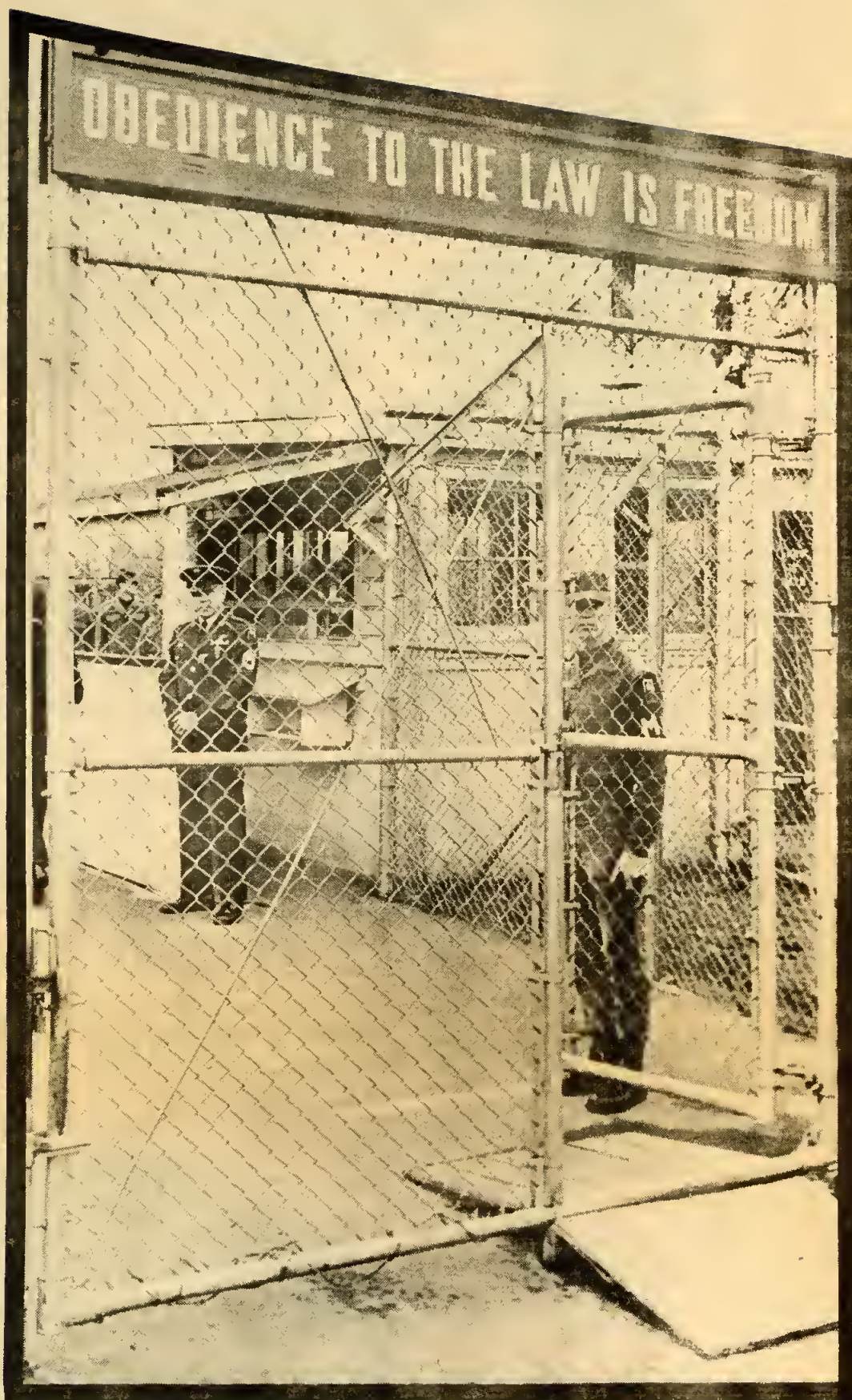
its former self, the pyramids have been wasted and looted, not even the planet itself is eternal, and there are signs that man's era on this planet may be a good deal shorter than eternity. Even the idea of eternity, as applied to art and artists, is a relatively recent one, dating once again from the nineteenth century, Dworkin's true home.

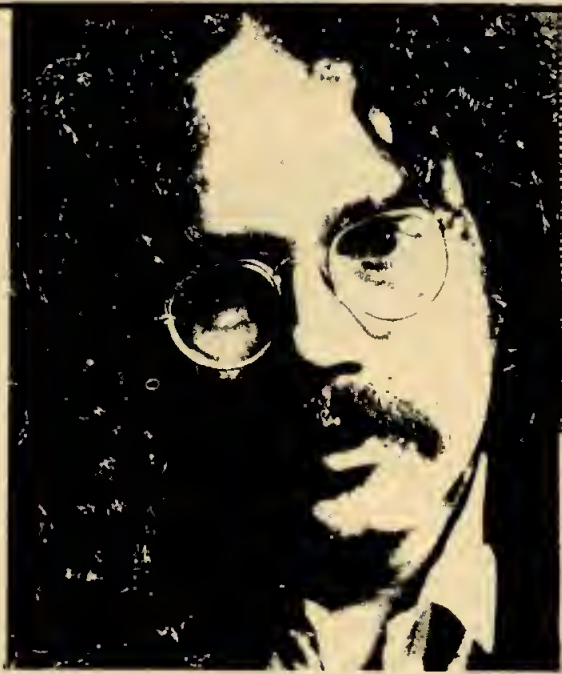
As for Dworkin's style and the general tone of his article, the less said the better. The part I enjoyed most was the following sentence: "Don't get me wrong, I don't think it's right for people, *even for artists*, to starve, it's merely part of the nature of things if we are to go on having great works of art." I have italicized the phrase *even for artists*,

since it shows so clearly where Dworkin thinks artists fit into the scheme of things. As for his assertion that it is merely part of "the nature of things" for artists to starve, we should all remember that a great many other problems have been described in the past as being part of "the nature of things", among them slavery, racial prejudice, a high infant mortality rate, smallpox, poor communications, automatic pregnancy as a punishment for sex, universal poverty, and many many others. They were all supposed to be the nature of things at one time. The artist may be forgiven if at this late date he decides that he would like out of this list.

This is the thought I would like to

leave for Mr. Dworkin and those who agree with him, eternity—since they already have it, along with all the joys and certainties which eternity confers, I really cannot imagine why they are bothering with the rest of us. May Mr. Dworkin return to his eternity as soon as possible and stay there, may he choke on it. As for those who are not happy with eternity and would like to do something here and now to reform the structure of the art world, they could do worse than to come to 729 Broadway, corner of Waverly Place (second floor) every Monday at 8 P.M., where they will find a group of "poorly-dressed" artists doing their best to express themselves and take action about the state of the arts today.





INTERNATIONAL FREE JOHN SINCLAIR DAY JANUARY 24, 1970



JANUARY 24th IS JOHN SINCLAIR DAY AND THERE ARE BENEFITS GOING ON IN THREE DIFFERENT CITIES. IN SAN FRANCISCO THERE IS A POETRY READING BY THE FOLLOWING HUMANS: GARY SNYDER, LEW WELCH, MICHAEL MC CLURE, LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI, AND DRUMMOND HADLEY. IN DETROIT ALL SORTS OF THINGS ARE HAPPENING, SAT. & SUN. AT BOTH THE GRANDE BALLROOM AND THE EAST TOWN BALLROOM ROCK AND ROLL BANDS WILL BE PLAYING: THE MC-5, RATIONALS, STOOGES, SRC, SHAKEY JAKE, UP, MITCH RYDER & THE DETROIT WHEELS, CATFISH, AND LOTS OF LOCAL GROUPS.

IN NEW YORK THERE WILL BE A BENEFIT AT SAINT MARKS CHURCH IN THE BOWERY AT SECOND AVENUE AND 10th STREET. RUDI STERN IS BRINGING HIS MULTI-MEDIA EXPERIMENTAL TELEVISION ENVIRONMENT "THE GLOBAL VILLAGE", ED SANDERS WILL DO TRUCK DRIVER SONGS, ANDY WARHOL IS SENDING A MOVIE, HOTCHA, ALISON KNOWLES IS EXHIBITING, KUSAMA IS EXHIBITING, ANDRE CODRESCO IS READING HIS POETRY, THE THEATRE GENESIS IS GOING TO PERFORM "THE ASSASSINATION OF NIGGER NATE", BY TONY BARSHA, AND OF COURSE THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF ROCK AND ROLL.

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ABE PECK

(Continued from Page 7)

would have to use the dirty, seatless crapper in the lockup adjoining the courtroom instead of the clean, tiled shithouse down the hall.

The defendants no longer could leave the room, even if they raised their hands. The reason? Talking in the hallways?

The Great Toilet Issue came to a head Friday morning. When reading the transcript, keep the following things in mind.

"The Judge's" voice, which sounds like chalk being dragged across a blackboard and shifts from tenor to falsetto when something 'irks' him.

His appearance, which has been described as:

an aged hobbit
a turkey
Mr. Magoo

a melon atop a pile of
black sheets

The Mad Hatter (in a
Chicago Bar Association play, no
less)

His mannerisms. Due to his size, his face is barely visible over the table in front of him. The slightest opposition to his will turns his face from cancer white to apoplexy red and makes him rock back and forth in his chair like a cat building momentum before a pounce.

The style of Dick Schultz, who operates like the kid who comes into a high school bathroom, takes a drag or a toke, and then runs to the principal to turn in the "bad element."

SCHULTZ: As I walked back to the counsel table, Your Honor, Mr. Rubin was laughing at me and snickering at me, and I pointed to the bathroom. I did this, Your Honor—

JERRY RUBIN: He said, 'Go to the bathroom.'

SCHULTZ: Your Honor.

RUBIN: —like it was a victory for you to force us to go to the bathroom.

SCHULTZ: I said that. It was not very professional of me, Your Honor. Apparently, I succumbed a little bit to Mr. Rubin's harassment that started four months ago, a procedure and technique they have been using on authorities and policemen all of their lives. They have been trying it on Your Honor and on Mr. Foran and myself, and I did, I succumbed, and I pointed to the bathroom, and that was improper, and I'm sorry, very sorry that I did that...

KUNSTLER: ...I would like to have the record show a motion for a mistrial at this time. Mr. Schultz—

THE COURT: And the record may contain the Court's order denying it, Mr. Kunstler.

KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.

THE COURT: What did you say?

KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.

THE COURT: Oh, it has so little basis...

(Len Weinglass, the other defense counsel, opens the afternoon session with a written motion for mistrial. This time the jury is not in the room.)

WEINGLASS: ... Now, Your Honor, that statement is the basis for the motion for mistrial. The Court, of course, is aware of the fact that if these seven men were on trial for an alleged bank robbery and the prosecution in the course of the trial for that bank robbery referred directly or indirectly to any prior criminal activity in the nature of bank robbery, that would be automatic ground for a mistrial. Likewise, with these seven men on trial allegedly for inciting to riot, the prosecutor saying in front of the jury—and the jury was in at this time—that these men had all their lives been harassing authorities and policemen has the same effect as the prosecutor in a bank robbery case offering to a jury his own testimony that these men have engaged in such activities before...

The Court, after Mr. Schultz made that statement, neither admonished Mr. Schultz nor directed the jury to disregard that statement. The prejudice is clear. It hasn't been wiped clean. It's in the mind of the jury. I don't think it can at this stage be eliminated... and is an adequate basis in law for a mistrial.

THE COURT: (leaning forward and yelling) Have you finished your presentation?!!

MR. WEINGLASS: I have not.

THE COURT: I asked a serious question of a lawyer, Mr. Marshal. Will you instruct the defendants at the table not to laugh out loud when I ask their lawyer a question. I shall not ask him any further questions, since I seem to provoke mirth every time I speak.

Mr. Marshal, I wish you would watch that.

(The Marshal tells everyone to be quiet. After a discussion about whether or not Bobby Seale can be called in as a witness, Schultz addresses himself to the Great Bathroom Incident.)

MR. SCHULTZ: ... Secondly, with regard to the motion for the mistrial as to my statements. Your Honor, since this trial began in September there have been colloquies, one-way colloquies—I guess they're soliloquies in that case—from the defense table to Mr. Foran and myself.

They have been going on on a daily basis. They have been profane, they have been—as I mentioned before, they have related to our religious—that is—my religious convictions (note: Rennie Davis is alleged to have said that Schultz, a Jew "would have been a prosecutor for the Nazis.") they have related to our morals and they have gone on on a regular basis every single day. Some days they are more intense than others. On occasion I have called them to Your Honor's attention: other times we just let them pass. When they become extraordinarily bad, they are brought to Your Honor's attention, which we have done perhaps a dozen times.

Today, as I walked back to the counsel table—this morning as I walked back Rubin was making additional comments to me and I did as I stated to Your Honor, simply pointed to the bathroom, and then HE TOLD ME THAT HE WAS GOING TO DO IT ON ME. That is what he said. Then we—instead of

going to the bathroom. That was the colloquy. I said nothing.

(The defense table, all the spectators, and half the marshals are laughing.)

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you maintain order, please, at that table!

MR. SCHULTZ: I said nothing, and I sat down and then Mr. Rubin said what he said to Your Honor and I responded, and in my response I made this reference.

THE COURT: Sit up, Mr. Davis. Sit up!

THE MARSHAL: You shut up too, Mr. Dellinger.

MR. DELLINGER: You don't have to say to shut up.

THE MARSHAL: I have been telling you all day.

(Four marshals surround the defense table. They are no longer laughing.)

MR. SCHULTZ: That little colloquy is typical of what has been happening... That is the device that they use, that is the device they use against authorities and they have been trying it on Your Honor for the last three and a half months and have found it very unsuccessful. They have succeeded with me momentarily this morning.

Now the comment that I made I think should be stricken. I think it was belated, it should have been said perhaps three months ago out of the presence of the jury... I suggest to Your Honor that what you do very simply is when the jury comes in, very simply instruct them to disregard the colloquy... and that

we proceed with the trial.

MR. WEINGLASS: ... The Government concedes it was improper, it was wrong, that the jury shouldn't have heard it. But the Government thinks that in spite of all those facts which it concedes, that this jury trial can continue, and I submit it cannot. This is such a highly improper, such a highly prejudicial flagrant disregard of the rules that I don't think this jury, having heard an Assistant United States Attorney proclaim in open court—

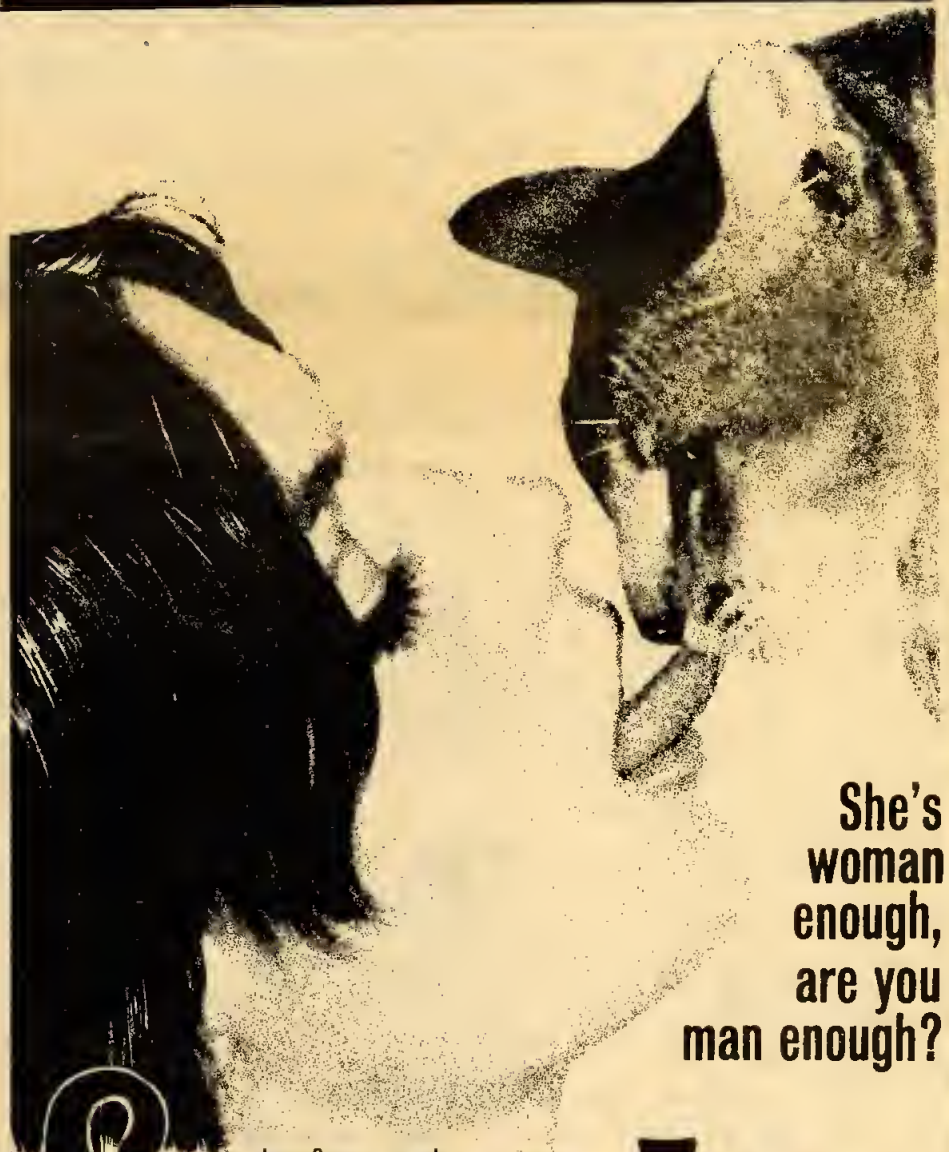
THE COURT: Don't reargue it!

MR. WEINGLASS: —that defendants have been engaged—

THE COURT: You said you were going to take a minute to reply. I am ready to decide as this motion and to act appropriately.

(Continued on Page 18)

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ABE PECK

(Continued from Page 17)

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, if I take a few more minutes longer than the minute, I don't think that—

THE COURT: Don't tell me you are going to take a minute and then take five minutes! I want to move along here!

MR. WEINGLASS: May I make a request for another four minutes?

MR. KUNSTLER: It was exactly a minute and a half.

THE COURT: I don't need your help here, Mr. Kunstler. Your associate is making a motion. When I need your help I will call on you.

MR. KUNSTLER: He wasn't keeping the time, Your Honor.

THE COURT: He didn't call on you for help. He didn't even look at you.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sensed his call somehow.

THE COURT: Sometimes your calls are senseless.

THE MARSHAL: Mr. Hoffman—

...THE COURT: The motion of the defendants for a mistrial will be denied and in denying that motion let me say that yesterday I entered an order here forbidding the defendants from going out at their pleasure ostensibly to what has been referred to not infrequently by counsel as —"the bathroom." I have never sat in a case where lawyers mention that word as often. I wonder if you, Mr. Marshal, can keep that man quiet while I am speaking! I am trying to decide his lawyer's motion! Please go to him and tell him to keep quiet.

THE MARSHAL: Mr. Dellinger—

THE COURT: Let the record show that after I requested the Marshal to keep Mr. Dellinger quiet he laughed right out again out loud. The record may so indicate.

MR. DELLINGER: And he is laughing now too.

THE MARSHAL: And the defendant Hayden, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Mr. Hayden, also.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, Your Honor, there is a certain amount of humor when talking about a bathroom—

THE COURT: Oh, I know that is your favorite reply.

MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed too.

MR. KUNSTLER: But people can't help it sometimes, Your Honor. You have laughed yourself.

THE COURT: I really have come to believe you can't help yourself. I have to believe it.

MR. KUNSTLER: But that is true. A whole courtroom full of people laugh when I say something and when you say something.

THE COURT: What I am saying is not very funny.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you are so ultra-sensitive to laughter.

THE COURT: Will you sit down and not interrupt the court when a decision is being made?

All I ask from you, sir, is simple manners. I don't reach the question of law.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but Your Honor, when you make a joke and the courtroom laughs, nobody is thrown out.

THE COURT: Just sit down. I have not made any jokes.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you do from time to time.

THE COURT: I asked you to sit down during the rendering of this decision sir!!

Let the record show that the defendant—rather, the defendants' counsel, Mr. Kunstler, on two occasions here refused to sit down when the Court directed him to sit down.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, that's not fair, Your Honor.

MR. WEINGLASS: He sat down, on both occasions, Your Honor. I must object to that.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down on both occasions.

THE COURT: (red with rage) I mean right now, in this decision.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down.

THE COURT: You did finally, after I urged you.

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, that is not a fair characterization.

THE COURT: Will you sit down!!

MR. WEINGLASS: I think it should be on the record—

THE COURT: I am giving a decision, and if you don't sit down—he has sat down now.

Mr. Marshal, see that Mr. Weinglass remains in his chair while the Court is rendering a decision on this motion made by Mr. Weinglass.

I must go back to where I started.

Yesterday, because it was brought to my attention that the defendants, and several of them, have when it was thought that they were going to what has been referred to as "the bathroom" in this case, went out into conferences in the hall, to other rooms in the courthouse, even to another courtroom, which is contrary to the order of the Court, and because of that, yesterday I entered an order directing that if the defendants had to make use of toilet facilities, they would use the one to my left, over there, where the door is.

This morning Mr. Rubin flagrantly violated the order, got up and started

to walk out, and it became necessary for the Marshal to bring him back, and it is more than passing strange that he didn't use the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

MR. RUBIN: I have to go to the bathroom.

THE COURT: Let the record show that Mr. Rubin immediately got up and walked into the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

Oh, I've been through something like this before, but not often, not in the many years on the bench have I seen such circus behavior.

Now that was, as I say, a flagrant violation of the Court's orders.

I repeat, I deny the motion for a mistrial, and when the jury comes in, I shall direct the jury to disregard the remarks of Mr. Schultz.

Bring in the jury, Mr. Marshal...

And so it goes. "Teach" Hoffman and his band of stool pigeons, visible manifestations of a ship of state foundering on the rocks of its own contradictions. Julius Hoffman's conduct would be pitiful or funny if his power was not so absolute; the Bobby Seale severance shows that each time he calls a defendant's or a lawyer's name can mean three months in jail.

In school it's called detention. In court it's called contempt, which is another way to say prevention detention.

THE COURT will have the last laugh unless he flips out completely and MR. MARSHAL has to drag his screaming, cackling eminence from the top of the desk. Here's hoping we get the chance to yell, "There goes da Judge."

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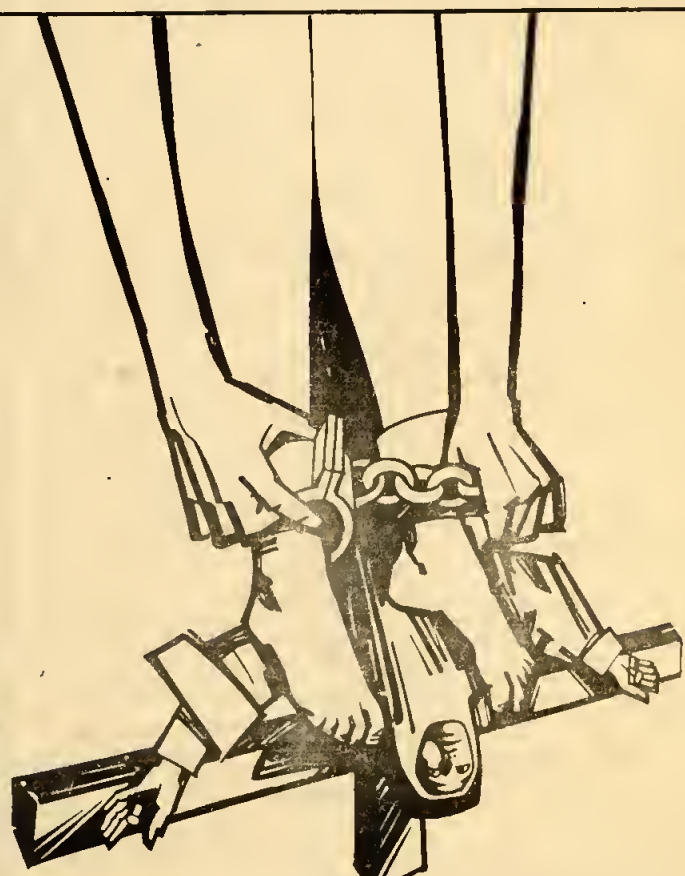
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LICHTENBERG

(Continued from Page 9)

thought I was dead
But I found my senses still
working.

And as I continued to drop
through the hole
I found all surrounding
To show me that joy innocently is
Just be quiet and feel it around you.

Then I opened my heart to the
whole universe
And I found it was loving.
And I saw the great blunder my
teachers had made
Scientific delirium madness

Ooooo

I will keep fallin as along as I live
without ending
And I will remember the place that
it is now
That has ended before the
beginning.

Oh how is it etc.

Jim McGuinn said that.
The following is a letter received
by Life magazine following their
issue devoted to marijuana:

"Sirs:

Re your Halloween cover. Next
month try: ADULTERY At least 12
million Americans have tried it. Are
penalties to severe? Should it be
legalized? Robert E. Mackensen,
Yuba City, Calif."

Well, Life, watcha gonna do 'bout
that?

On a cold night there may be more
cops than freaks on St. Marks place,
but there's still a lot of heavy
broadcasting on the sidewalks, if you
look like a receiver, I guess. Walking
to the Fillmore, every time, smile at a
smile, "AACCIDD..." Standing on
West 8th street looking at the album
covers in a record shop "Psylocibin".
Look around, nobody there...
spirits, spirits.

Rod Stewart is a perfect
phenomenon. He is the now classic
figure of the British Pop Star.

You know his voice from the Jeff
Beck group that he recently split
from. He has done an album on his
own "Rod Stewart" (Mercury) and
just hearing him, but black but
definitely a road cafe American blues
singer of about 45 years old, vocal
chords shaggy from a hard life,
cigarettes, bad health and bad booze.
(Until you listen closely.) The album
is a frame for his vocal talents and
contains Stewart's own ("I think the
words are very important. I had to
get a music sheet to understand
them.") version of the Stones' "Street
Fighting Man": It's not easy to do a

choherent' Stones song if your not
the Stones... I like Stewart's very
much. But then he was getting it
together in England at the same time
Jagger was and played in the same
club in London at the same time that
the Stones were first emerging.

Leaving the Mercury offices on the
way to a Chinese restaurant singing
to myself "I got nasty habits. I take
tea at three"... ("Live With Me"
from "Let It Bleed" Jagger/Richards,
Stewart whips around and we get off
into the first real connection which is
about Jagger as a song writer, for
whom Stewart has totally non
ego-hassled admiration. "Usually you
can't just read the words to a pop
song, without the music. But Jagger's
lyrics, man, they're fantastic. He is a
very intelligent cat. Did you know
that his father teaches at the London
School of Economics?" Also among
his musical avatars is the Brooklyn
cowboy, Jack Elliott, a wild figure
from the Beat and folk days of
Greenwich Village and a star of the
Newport Folk Festivals in the early
'60s; and a black group called "The
Meters" about whom he has
completely flipped. Another example

of the classic pop star from England,
grooving on black musicians that are
obscure even in the States.

It was Stewart's mixed fortune to
get involved with Beck. Beck had
some of the best musicians in
England (including the fantastic
piano player Nicky Hopkins, who has
done all the recent Stones album and
just joined Quicksilver Messenger
Service) and should have become the
British hard/blues rock group, but
apparently Beck blew it with a
vicious personality ("He is a cunt,
man") and all his musicians gradually
split. Zeppelin moved in, copped the
fame, and now Stewart is putting it
together for himself. In addition to a
group to back him for Mercury,
Stewart has also just finished a record
with Small Faces ("Nut Gone
Flakes"—the first Faces record and
the first octagonal cover). The two
cuts on a copy of the tape that is
presently being mastered for the
album, which we listened to, were
very impressive, especially a version
of Dylan's "The Wicked Messenger".
Stewart and Small Faces will do an
American tour this spring. Keep it in
mind.

By the time Antoine "Fats"
Domino was a boy of ten he was
already playing the piano in the local
honky tonks of New Orleans. A
teen-age husband and father, he
dropped out of school to work in a
factory, but in the evenings played in
a tiny club on the outskirts of town.
It wasn't too long before he was
discovered by song writer/performer

(Continued on Page 20)

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LICHTENBERG

(Continued from Page 19)

Dave Bartholomew, who flipped out over him, got the president of Imperial records to fly in from the Coast, and, wham, Fats had made his connection.

That was 1949, and his first record on Imperial, "Fat Man" was a hit. But the year was 1954, the summer, when a record called "Ain't It A Shame" turned everybody's head around and got rock rolling. One of the giants of the first decade of rock and roll, a great song writer and composer whose conception of popular music has had untraceably vast influence, he has also passed on a specific legacy to one of the giants of rock's second decade, ye olde Rolling Stones. Jagger admitted to developing his style of indistinct lyrics directly from Mr. Domino, and the basic sensual rhythmic drive as well as the full-blown use (on their records) of barrel-house style piano playing (in demonic reincarnation as Nicky Hopkins) come straight from the New Orleans minstrel.

Fats has sold 65 million records. He is beloved, rich, has a large family, a palatial home where, strangely, he spends only about 4 months a year. The rest of the time he is on the road or at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas.

You have to see him in person. Last weekend at the Fillmore he came on stage in a green-sequined sports jacket and green pants, glittering rings on his fingers, sweet smile. He sat down at the piano and . . . "I found my thrill (do do, do do, do do do DO) on Blueberry Hill". Explosions of delight. It's wild. The vocals mike is placed to the side and low down, so that in order to sing he has to lean toward the audience like he was leaning over to talk to you if you were sitting next to him at a club, then he swings back up to do the piano riffs.

But with him were these people, all lined up in silvery grey pseudo-Italiano Broadway and 44th street clothing store suits. One cat, who held a saxophone (I guess he blew it from time to time) was there to do all these jiving dances and twirls, and out of nowhere he would whip out to the center of the stage, a black gigolo from Capri, do these strange dancey numbers and then whirl back to the line up. Not to put him down at all, he did the thing well. But, wow, that must be Las Vegas, what all the peroxidized middle-age ladies need to get off on listening to Fats, a slender de-sexualized black man doing Riveiera pirouettes.

Rock and roll is theatre, and in this way it was a very trip-y scene, but when Fats comes to the Fillmore, good golly it would be great to have

New Orleans, open up the honky tonks, show us culturally middle class white folk what the good old days were really like. I would guess that there must have been exchanges of sexual electricity to make Jagger look like a schoolboy from Eaton.

That's an educated guess. The friends with whom we went to see the Stones (also Ike and Tina Turner) at Madison Square garden, had seen Ike and Tina in Los Angeles, in Watts, when Watts was cool. Tina is a beautiful and powerful lady, and it was very sporting of Mike Jagger to have a performer like her precede him on the bill. But, it was nothing like the kind of power or electricity of a real Tina performance, levels upon levels of sexual exchange and emotional involvement, like a real baklava soaked in honey. What we get is an ironed out, cleaned up, plasticized, tailored for white middle class America version, something which maybe, assures them success on the night club circuits, but the loss is tremendous.

I can't imagine that these totally for real artists wouldn't love a chance to let down their hair; Chuck Berry does it and the Fillmore goes wild. Put on a real show and tell it—not a second generation put-on of a rock critic's conceptualized fantasies ("could he be talking about the 'Masked Marauders'?"—but life. We'd dig it.

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LITA ELISCU

(Continued from Page 5)

been reading and trying to decide if it really would be nicer to have electronic reader-scansion, or perhaps electro-imprinting... or if good old fashioned eyestrain slow-motion, give-it-time-to-sink-in-taste-the-flavor-of-the-words, reading is preferable. What would you rather? True, electronic medium, print-as-electronic message or the status quo?

Recently, though, there was and will be *A Married Couple*, a film made by Allan with the help of some friends, Billy and Antoinette Edwards whose marriage was at a crisis point after 8 years of their being together. For 10 weeks, Mr. King and crew filmed the Edwards, including their child Bogart and their dog Merton, in their home in Canada.

The result, edited down to about 1½ hours, is this film.

Those 2 paragraphs are as much stretching as can be done without saying something actually about the film. It is difficult to review a film so directly about other human beings whose life has not been stylized, dramatized, metamorphosed and rendered harmless by the action of time, other culture, or anything else. The Edwards knew there was a camera; they knew we would know they knew. We all know there is a camera, we are all cameras; that's what Andy Warhol has been understating for the past few years, and this is the age of revelation when people are actually happier with tangible cameras as proof of their importance and magnitude.

This film changes the word actor; it changes the requirements of film—not because it is the first, necessarily, but because it is successful, as *2001* was successful. The concept of screen-play has been eradicated, as have 'director' 'gofer' 'script girl' and other theatrical holdovers which hitherto created a barrier between "motion picture drama" and "film", the onionskin realities separating us from the people on the screen. Instead of

being either larger than life or one step away into private fantastic reality, they are us. As no other film before its time, this one requires its audience. Reactions to *A Married Couple* are foremost emotional and only secondarily aesthetic.

Nobody could have written what I call "Bogart's shit scene" ... during which Bogart and his parent confront one another in a simple test of semantic truth resolving itself with a piece of shit. The cliched famous gulf of loneliness which makes each of us an island, if even temporarily, here recedes for one moment allowing two live creatures one glorious moment of existence together, as closely shared as two-into-one can be. The irony of the wordless encounter is that the creatures are Billy and the dog Merton, lying facing each other on the same bed where Billy and Antoinette have so often ritualized their unhappiness and struggles for understanding.

Even below reviewer's conscientiousness, on simple (simple?) conscious levels, the viewer keeps asking the wherefores of his own reactions. Why am I so irritated that Billy and Antoinette cannot solve the argument over the harpsichord? Why can neither of

them think of an alternative solution? Don't they want to? What would I do if I were Billy? Antoinette? Bogart? Merton? What kind of cannibalism allows us to eat our self respect daintily enough, hiccup after digesting the last shreds of sanity, and yet grow nauseous at the thought of a man hitting a woman? Would I want a camera to film my life? Would I have anything better to show?

As a film, the idea must by now be clear, that this deals with the struggle of one couple to take their tracks, which have been growing apart, and somehow find a way to make them grow together again. They talk, they reach out for each other, they go about their normal days and nights. They are ever aware that they may not find a way, and that the camera is there watching them be human beings. As a work the film's footage is exquisite; piled together as strategically as a panther's muscles, equally dangerous, beautiful and effective. The vital life-flow rhythm is never lost, and the tensions, spaces, and quiet moments are the way they often are.

The film hurts, no matter whether the viewer feels implicated or merely interested. Billy and Antoinette are

human beings and their problem in making a life which includes the other is not new or strange. The way of life they follow is not mine: there are continual power struggles; subtle to shattering fights over who is stronger; smarter; never-answered questions about their own motivations and responses... yet theirs is living, and somehow they are enough of themselves to make me ask how did they get that way? Why do people spend their lives (she is 30, he is 40) wasting living by setting up the obstacles Freud said men set up so they can have the pleasure of rewarding themselves with happiness...?

Godard has taken film in this direction, but he is much more concerned with political statement and creating a particular kind of frustration in his audience than was the intent here. Allan King has seen a human problem, or rather a problem belonging to two human beings, and filmed their problem which then extended to include their immediate world: the child and the dog. When I left the theatre, I felt emotionally exhausted and defeated, as though mental energy on my part had been reached the Edwards' and (Continued on Page 21)

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LITA ELISCU

(Continued from Page 21)

affected the Now of their time and space, because the cry for help was so touching, clean and powerful... It is about 3 weeks later, and my exhaustion has passed, but not the desire to be a Smokey the Bear and prevent any such further forest fires of our greatest natural resource, ourselves. *A Married Couple's* greatest gift is its ability to make the viewer aware of his responsibility to know who he is and who he is becoming.

The film opens at the Kips Bay, 2nd Avenue and 31st St. on January 26th.

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film because more so than many
other experiences, certainly visual
ones, this one is not to be totally
comprehended by simply seeing it.

There is definitely something wrong
with our language; this film is not an
'it' this film is the people found
imaged on the substance, film, and
there is no way to really comprehend
another human being. The startling
poignancy of the events shown are
not 2-dimensional, fictions and the
purpose of the acting here is to save
lives. As I learn more about me, so I
realise more of Billy and Antoinette
Edwards. If this seems too mystical,

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year, you will still have made a good
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say "Go see it!" or "One of the best
films of the year!" but I am
suspicious of such phrases. A

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MASSAGE FOR YOUNG BODY BUILDERS. CALL NICK BETWEEN 3 AND 4 PM WEEKDAYS AT 434-9657

24-hour massage service Male Female operators Area's most varied techniques Swedish athletic fur silk feathers gentle Japanese, tender brush Moroccan, leather, ice chains etc. Appointment Jerri 247-2178

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MUMSY, NANNY, SONNY & GIRLY want to make new friends 18 to 25. All sizes, colors, sexes, come play their game and be tickled to death. The family that plays together slays together. Phone 581-5882 anytime.

Induce sexual desire in others. Magic Rush \$2.00. for yours to APHRODISIACS, box 74818 EVO, Hollywood, 90004.

MODELING

Girls wanted for figure modeling. We will train. Apply 1—5 PM. Mon—Sat. 136 Lawrence St., Downtown Brooklyn, 624-8590.

Girls—Girls—Girls—If Bills have bogged down or you wish to supplement your present income; photographer just back from coast needs figure models. (no vulgarity) Call Chuck collect—201-542-2761.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio. 255-2711.

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The CompuTergoT 32 LSD pills I Threw away on a lunchTime LSD-high in The Zu (They'd been mailed in a hollowed-out copy of "The Tin Drum" by GunThe(r) Grass.). My lay-off move 2 downStaTe Is Cabell's "The Way of Ecban" (or, even lower Than The Lao-eST, Chan-ErTown's "Blimbo The Dancing Clown" (harlequin)) ("The CreaTive" Trigram (3 lines) is "17" in binary language.). I'll save ("dissolve") CeTain Sheridan sadden SaTan Sydney as "Sudden" (French "SubudMeant"). Write me 4 Free copy of my new bookLeT: BenedicT SchwarTzberg, PO Box 752, NY 10009.

Gay male books, magazines, movies, FREE CATALOGUES. Trojan, Box 2121 EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

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SINGLE GUY 35, WHITE AND MASCULINE SEEKS SINCERE RELATIONSHIP WITH SAME OR YOUNGER. WRITE TO DICK BOX 1337 GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK CITY 10017.

Gay singles — parties every Fri & Sat. From 9 til 12 at the Riverside Plaza, 253 W. 73rd St. Live band, go-go boys — BAR — Come groove to an out-of-sight affair. N.Y. Mattachine Society — 212-799-0916 — for additional information.

MUSCLES GALORE! Beauties Galore! but no 'Pussy Galore' at Lee's Mardi Gras '70, featuring go-go boys, 2 bands, floor show, and ONLY \$3.50. Info 533-4132/4108.

TIRED OF BEING JUST ANOTHER QUEEN? BE crowned officially at Lee's Mardi Gras '70. Win a trip to Puerto Rico, dance to two bands, with go-go boys, & floor show. Only \$3.50 in advance. Info & tickets call 533-4132/4108.

MEN meet your QUEEN or Prince at Lee's Mardi Gras '70. Sat Feb. 7th, Hotel Riverside Plaza, 73rd & Broadway. Featuring go-go boys, 2 bands, floor show, prizes. Win a trip to Puerto Rico. Admission only \$3.50 adv. Info & tickets 533-4132, 533-4108.

MARY! Dont Forget! Lee's Mardi Gras '70 is Sat. Feb 7th, Hotel Riverside Plaza, 73rd St. & Broadway featuring Go-Go Boys, 2 dance bands, floor show of female impersonators, door prize trip to Puerto Rico. ONLY \$3.50 adv info & Tickets call 533-4132/4108.

GOODLOOKING, MASCULINE 6-FOOTER, nice physique. Digs nudism, polaroids. Interested meeting other attractive white males. Photo, phone please. Discretion assured. Box 1173, FDR Sta., NYC 10022.

Handsome, well hung white male, 24, desires submissive white male 17-35 who has never been in the service. Robert MacMillan, P.O. Box 3755, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Young guy, 22, from California, alone in New York, seeks sincere boys, 18-24, for total relationship. Send photo, phone, and note about yourself to: Box 393, Planetarium Station, New York, N.Y. 10024.

ADULTS ONLY! UNRETOUCHEO FRENCH DECK FEATURES 7" x 5" EUROPEAN MODELS! \$5. PER D E C K . U N I V E R S A L ENTERPRISES, DEPT. O, 103 PARK AVENUE, NY, NY 10017.

GAY SINGLES PARTIES Starting January 9, 1970. N.Y. Mattachine Society presents gay singles parties every Friday and Saturday nites held at Riverside Plaza 253 West 73rd St. at West End Avenue. Come groove to juke box, go-go boys and bar. Conation includes 2 free drinks. For info call 212 799-0916.

MODELS

Frequent visitor to N.Y.C. Young, 23, W/M. wt. 160, Ht. 6'2". Waist 31". Available for modeling, posing, or what have you. Write Richard Packer, P.O. Box 8321, Asheville, N.C. 28804.

MASCULINE AND HIP Paul and his friends will model for you here or there. \$30. 873-9145

Groovy male models available for your thing—nude modeling, posing etc. All types and shapes—\$35.00 per session at your place or ours. Call 684-5423 after 6PM for appointment.

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL5-2711.

S & M

Male 35 goodlooking slave desires male master permanent basis only complete gratification promised consider all types age from 21-40. P.O. Box 15, Peck Slip Station, New York, N.Y. 10038.



1— The following letter—signed by chiefs Glenn Holley and Oscar Johnny and legal advisor Rolling Thunder—was sent by The Western Shoshone Nation of Indians to "Our Brother American Indians, the Defenders of Alcatraz Island:

Hear this: It is a historic and just cause that has inspired you to occupy the island known as Alcatraz.

As the first people upon this land, and as the keepers of this land, under the laws of The Great Spirit, it is only fitting that the White Man and his government should take steps toward correction of past wrongs, including land stealing, by returning some lands to Native American Indian People. And, especially, where it is demonstrated that we can make better use of the land than the White Man has done, such as your proposal to use Alcatraz for Centers for Medical Care, Ecology Study and Indian Education.

So, also, the White Man and his government might be enabled to keep even some small part of the hundreds of treaties which have been made with the American Indian People. Then, let it be done that Alcatraz should be returned to its rightful owners.

Therefore, then let it be known that the Western Shoshone Nation of Indians does whole-heartedly support you in this endeavor, even to the extent of a thousand warriors, should you need reinforcements. Then, just say the word and it shall be that way.

May The Great Spirit watch over you in this undertaking.

